Saturday Review

OCTOBER 1981 $1.50

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talk with John Fowles:
ilemma of a modern Victorian

ollywood and homosexuality:
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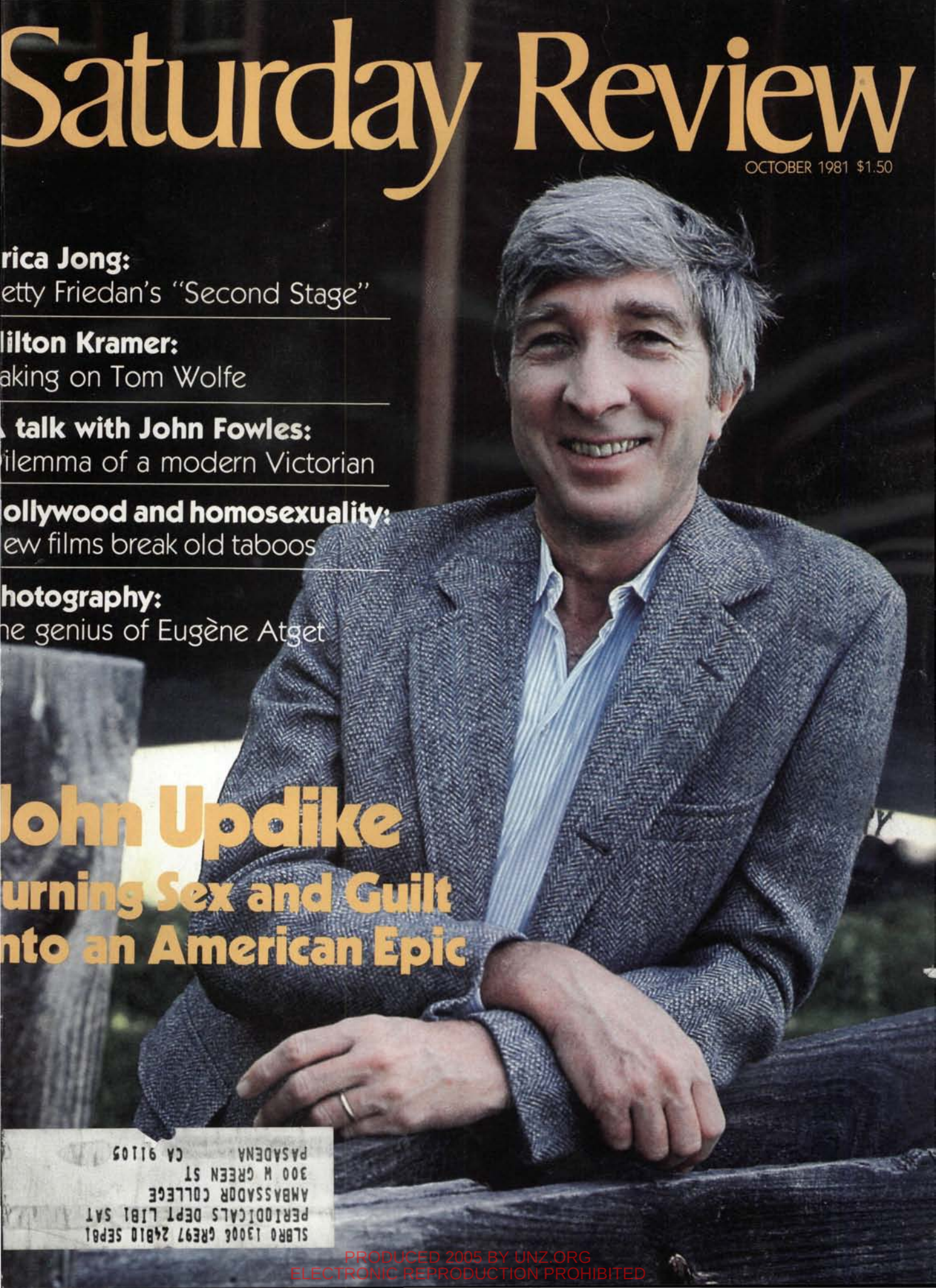

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THE COMMERCIAL APPEAL MEMPHIS, TENN.
Carlton Scores Best In Cigaret Testing
WASHINGTON (UPI) — The Carlton king-size filter cigaret sold in a hard pack had the lowest tar, nicotine
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"TAR"..... LESS THAN 0.01 MG
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Box: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.002 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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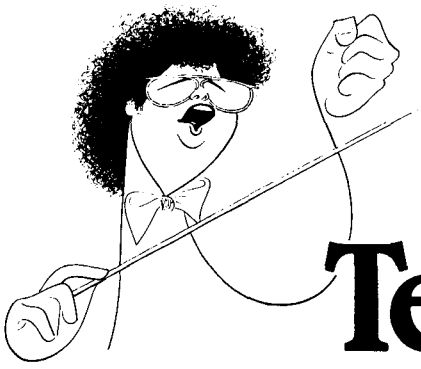

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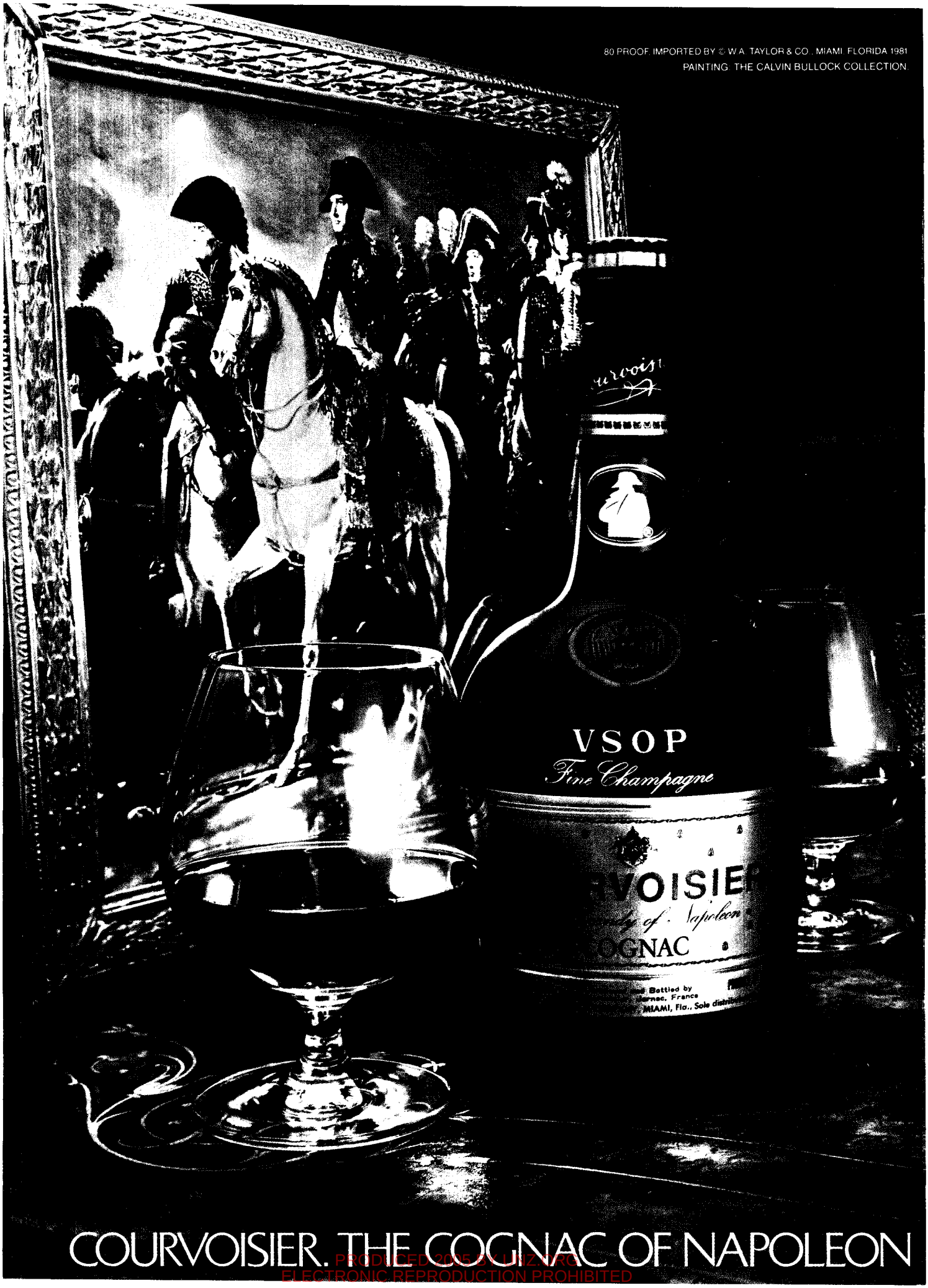
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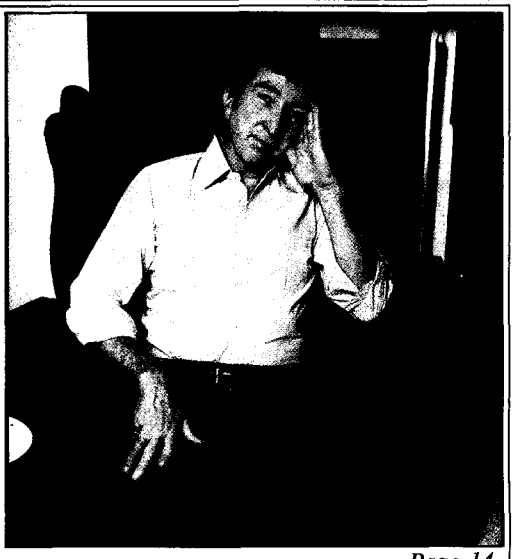
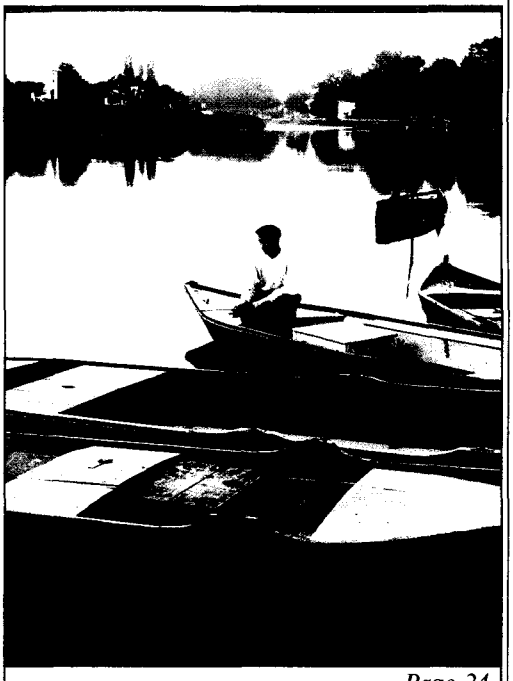


Page 14



Page 24

Cover: Photo© 1981 by Thomas Victor Page 36

FEATURES

Turning Sex and Guilt Into an American Epic by Michiko Kakutani
John Updike's third "Rabbit" novel reflects his own concern with middle age . . **14**

The Genius of Eugène Atget by Ben Lifson
The largest show ever given to a photographer demonstrates his lyrical realism . . **24**

Cable TV's Culture War by Peter Caranicas
Five networks are jockeying to bring the performing arts to cable **32**

The SR Interview: The Literary Dilemma of John Fowles by Joshua Gilder
How do you combine modernist sympathies with Victorian forms? **36**

A Poet of Stunning Artistry by Philip Levine
Sterling A. Brown wins the Lenore Marshall/Saturday Review Poetry Prize . . **42**

Hollywood Comes Out of the Closet by Stephen Farber
Another forbidden subject becomes a fashionable film topic: homosexuality . . **48**

DEPARTMENTS

Letters **5**
Editorial by N.C. *Celebrating Friendship* **6**
October Spotlights **10**
Dance by Walter Terry *A Grand High, a New Low* **52**
Music by Irving Kolodin *Voices From Canada* **55**
Theater by Stanley Kauffmann *Shaw: Indestructible, Inexhaustible* **56**
Film by Judith Crist *D.H. Lawrence Brought to Life* **60**
Art by Carter Ratcliff *The Whitney Makes History* **62**
Books:
Hilton Kramer on Tom Wolfe's From Bauhaus to Our House; *Erica Jong on Betty Friedan's* The Second Stage; *Robert R. Harris on V.S. Naipaul's* Among the Believers **65**
Nonfiction Briefs **73**
Fiction Briefs **75**
Diversions *Double-Crostic, puzzles, etc.* **82**
SR Recommends *Worth seeing, worth doing, worth having* **85**

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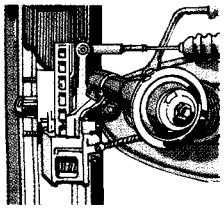
The four-door Fairmont Futura for 1982 offers more standard equipment than last year, at a lower sticker price.* That is the simple, surprising fact of the matter. *More car. Less money.*

How we improved on a solid value.

The new Fairmont Futura four-door offers all the good things it did last year, such as



rack and pinion steering, power front disc brakes and steel-belted radials. But this year you get new dual front speakers on the standard AM radio (may be deleted for credit) and a spacious 16.7 cu. ft. deep-well trunk that gives you lots of room for samples, luggage or bags of groceries in an upright position.

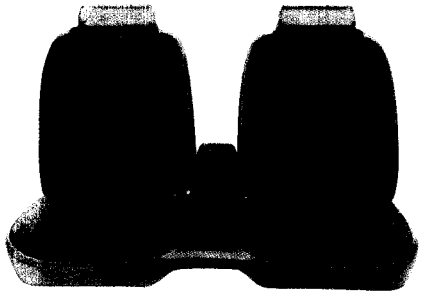
* $6419. Comparison of Aug. 1, 1981, sticker price of a 1981 to a 1982 base model Fairmont Futura four-door.

And Ford's sensible 2.3 liter overhead cam engine delivers impressive fuel economy.

33 EST HWY **22** EST EPA MPG

For comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual highway mileage lower.

Lots of room for people and things.



Choose a Fairmont Futura with standard bucket seats and you get room for five. Choose the optional full-width bench seat or the flight bench seat in the Interior Luxury Group option and you'll have room to seat six adults.

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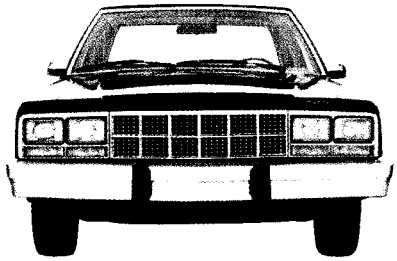
If you're looking at the prices of new cars today and wondering whether there is one priced for you, the economical Fairmont Futura could be your answer. Whether you buy or lease, see Fairmont Futura now.



More car. Less money. $6419

Fairmont Futura four-door. Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Title, taxes and destination charges extra. Some cars shown with optional equipment at extra cost.

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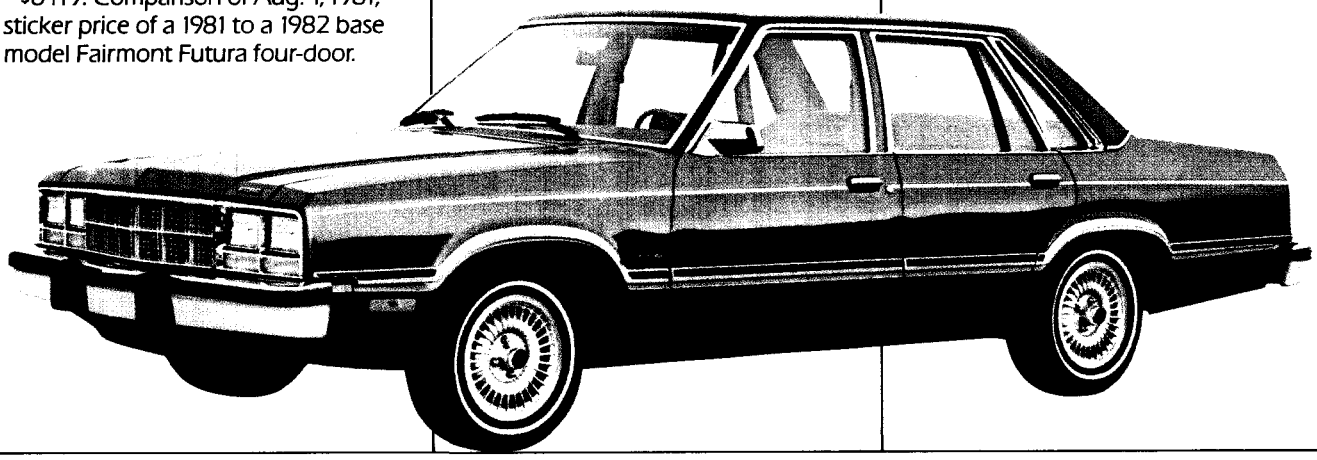

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Fighting Museum Corruption
Congratulations on the article "Museums and Corruption" by Lee Seldes [July] concerning prevalent corruption in the art world. I am an attorney who has represented Artists Equity, the Dallas Art Gallery Association, and friends of the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts in order to correct malfeasance, conflict of interest, and abuse of fiduciary responsibility in our local city art museum. Inevitably, future historians will seek access to the heavily documented material regarding these matters. However, the cost to civilization will be enormous if we're obliged to wait for history. Must history so continually relive its most obvious mistakes in the visual arts only to satisfy the social, political, and financial greed of a few manipulators? *Timothy E. Kelley*
Dallas, Texas

Coppola's Las Vegas
In "Francis Coppola's Biggest Gamble" [July], Scot Haller stated that Coppola has recreated the "Vegas Strip." In fact, he has recreated "Glitter Gulch," which is in downtown Las Vegas. The "strip" is the three-mile stretch of Las Vegas Boulevard north of downtown.
David Goldberg
Lynn, Massachusetts

Admirable Robert Penn Warren
It is revealing to find in your interview with Robert Penn Warren [July] that his maternal grandfather was "more of a father" to him than his own father. Warren describes that grandfather in his recent book, *Jefferson Davis Gets His Citizenship Back*, as "a man of great independence of mind, and a man who, though he must have considered himself a failure, maintained a dignity and self-assurance almost amounting to contempt for the way the world wagged or the cards fell. He deplored segregation, simply because he felt it stupid and restrictive of his own freedom." I think that helps to explain the admirable human being Warren became. *Max M. Mintz*
Hamden, Connecticut

Service Reciters Arise
Reciters of Robert W. Service, arise in your wrath to refute and confute Thomas Middleton's "safe bet" that he is "the only person left on earth who can still recite all of "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" ["Poking Around," August]. One other reciter, and surely they must be legion, is Joe Steffen, sixth-grade teacher and outdoorsman from Portland, Oregon. He exalts not only McGrew, but at the drop of an ice axe, "The Ballad of Touch-the-Button Nell," "The Ballad of Blasphemous Bill MacKie," and "The Ballad of the Ice-Worm Cocktail." *John Mauff*
Chicago, Illinois

Mr. Middleton: You are possibly one of *two* people left on earth who can recite all of Robert W. Service's "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." I can—plus "The Creation of Sam McGee." *M.B. Harrison*
Logansport, Indiana

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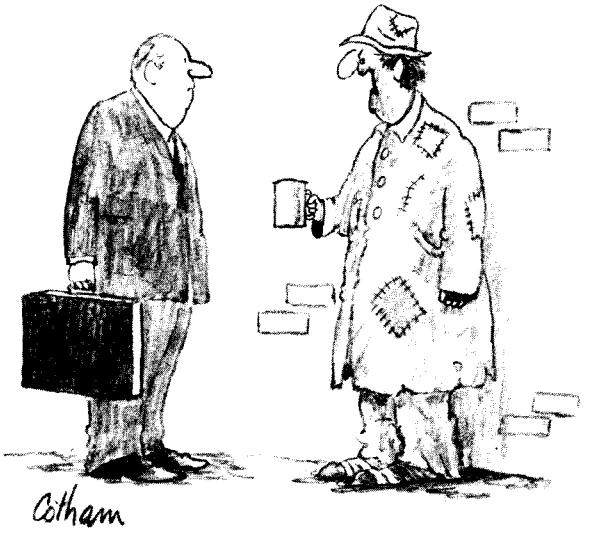

"Hey! Why'd you drop money in my coffee?"

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Celebrating Friendship

Francine du Plessix Gray's new novel, *World Without End*, is the story of two women and a man whose friendship for each other surmounts all the strains of a triangular relationship in a turbulent and bewildering world. After three decades of friendship, the man writes to one of the women:

> What I wish to recreate between us, Sofka, is that ethereal summit of candor which only friendship can offer and which is more drastically needed than ever in middle age, that desperate time when we must cease to be cannibals of our own hearts, must take the risk of total truth-telling in order to make the last third or fourth of our existence bearable, must recenter our lives upon the only human bond in which the tyrannical cycle of self-deceit is broken....At our age there's little else to live for. I'm asking for the brutality of mirrors and the fearlessness of angels at this proposed meeting; oh, I'm asking for a lot and I refuse to take any less than a radical stripping of each to each....Think about it.

This passage crystallizes the spirit and substance of a remarkable new novel, one that makes a break from a prolonged and dismal literary fashion in which love is a toy inviting mechanical play and spoilage of human life beyond recognition or repair. Francine Gray doesn't need artificial props or situations to make her novel compelling. Her characters don't exploit each other or vie with one another in inventing new forms of debasement. They are real people who survive real problems to which there are not always real answers. Most of all, she writes about the ultimate values of friendship—not friendship without pain or stress but the friendship of continuing adventure and rediscovery. She writes about the sense of intellectual excitement that only good friends can create and share. Randolph Bourne, more than a half-century ago, in an exquisite little book, *Youth and Life*, found the words for it:

> One comes from friends...with a high sense of elation and the brimming adequacy of life....What a tragedy it is that our periods of stimulated thinking should be so difficult of reproduction; that there is no intellectual shorthand to take down the keen thoughts, the trains of argument, the pregnant thoughts, which spring so spontaneously to the mind at such times....What labor to reproduce even a semblance of what seemed to come so genially and naturally in the contact and intercourse of friendship.

The genius of Mrs. Gray's book is that she does record the keen thoughts and the trains of argument that bring flower to friendship even as they challenge or endanger it. It is surprising perhaps that her theme should seem so fresh and nourishing, considering that friendship is the oldest and most precious of the arts. Aristotle came close to plagiarizing Homer when he said that friendship was a single soul dwelling in two bodies. Sophocles has Odysseus find greatness in friendship. The Russian literary masters, through all their excursions into human misery and uncertainty, never lost connection with the sustaining power of friendship. In *The Brothers Karamazov*, Dostoevsky creates Alyosha as counterpoint to the fickle, wavering, predatory, and brutal characters around him. Almost as a contemporary echo, Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon* deals with the brutal pressures that totalitarianism exerts on friendships, but the acts of altruism in the book are what is most memorable in the reader's mind.

In recent years, the phenomenon of human friendship has not been a dominant or luminous theme in fiction. Too many novelists and playwrights find it easier, apparently, to provide action and excitement for their readers by emphasizing the quest for sex, power, violence, wealth. Words apparently move faster when attached to acts of venality and brutality. It is therefore a tribute to Mrs. Gray that she is able to take on the challenge of life's subtler but nonetheless more genuine values. For beyond all the thirsting and thrusting that soak up the time and energies of people, there are enduring and nourishing satisfactions in life that are as compelling as any of the

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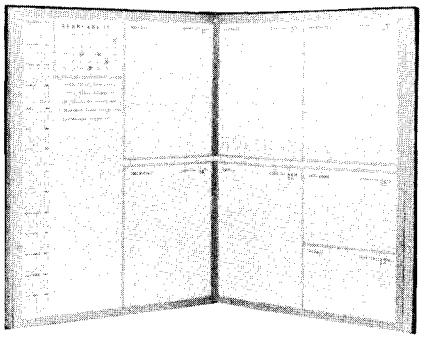

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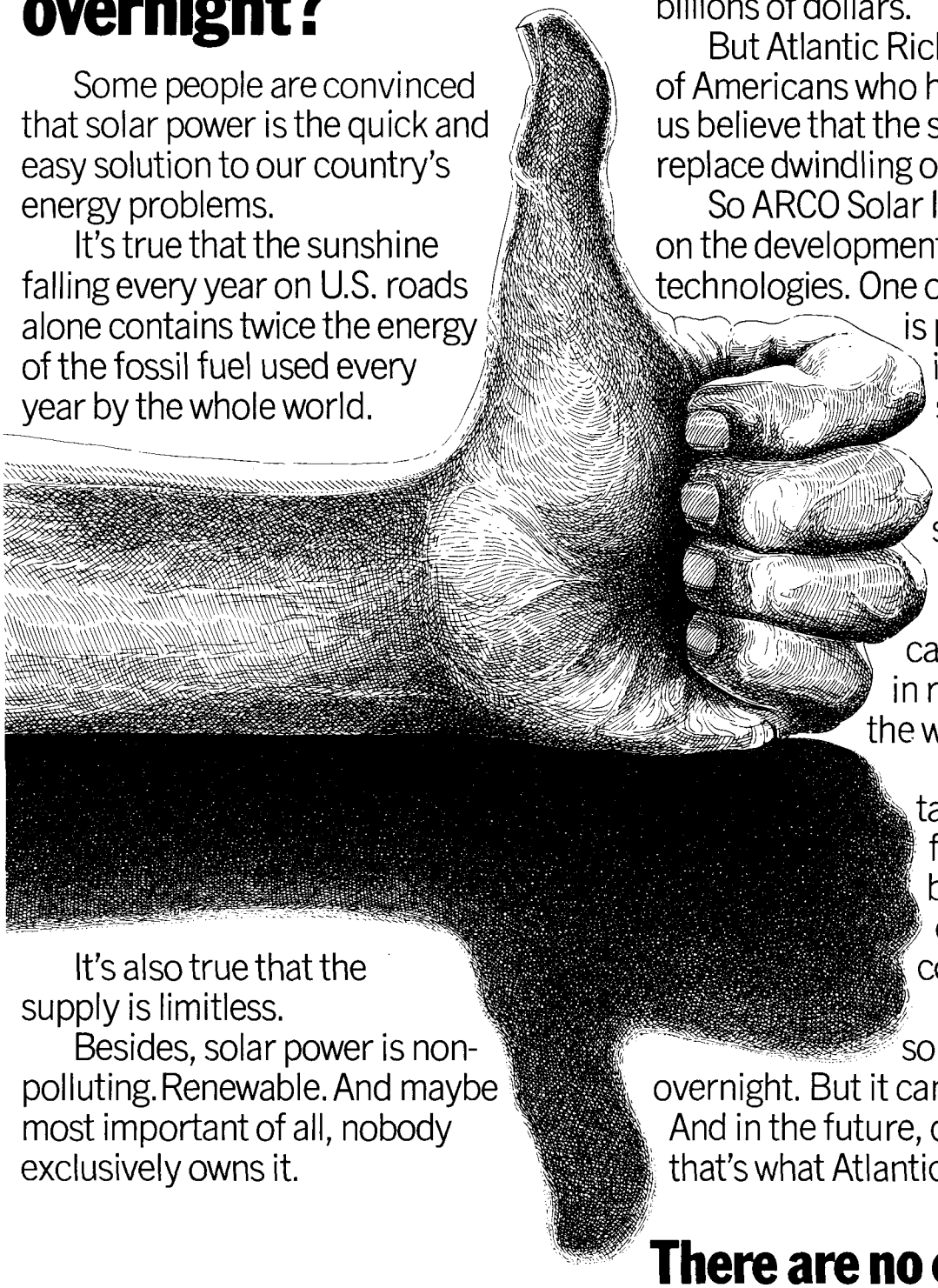
The sun's power may solve our energy problems. But can it happen overnight?

Some people are convinced that solar power is the quick and easy solution to our country's energy problems.

It's true that the sunshine falling every year on U.S. roads alone contains twice the energy of the fossil fuel used every year by the whole world.



It's also true that the supply is limitless.

Besides, solar power is non-polluting. Renewable. And maybe most important of all, nobody exclusively owns it.

The problem lies in converting sunshine into usable, affordable energy to heat and light our homes and operate our appliances.

At today's rates, if we tried to convert all our oil, gas and nuclear power systems to solar, it would cost hundreds of billions of dollars.

But Atlantic Richfield and thousands of Americans who have invested with us believe that the sun can one day replace dwindling oil and gas supplies.

So ARCO Solar Industries is working on the development of a number of solar technologies. One of the most promising is photovoltaic electricity, or power from solar "cells."

Today electricity generated from solar cells is powering homes, water pumps and communications repeater sites in remote areas all over the world.

In the not too distant future electricity from solar cells will be available at rates competitive with conventional fuel.

Solar power can't solve our problems overnight. But it can help. A little now. And in the future, quite a lot. At least that's what Atlantic Richfield believes.

There are no easy answers.

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the report that briefs you on what to watch

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If you sit at a desk all day...

How to avoid a POT-BELLY and DOUBLE-CHIN

(or get rid of them for good!)

"It's this damned belly that gives a man his worst troubles . . ."
—Homer, *The Odyssey*, XV, 344 (W. H. D. Rouse translation)

If you have to sit at a desk most of your working life, sooner or later you will get a *pot-belly* (usually sooner) . . . unless you take special care of your *abdominal* muscles.

Even if you are the lean "string-bean" type, you can get that "pot." You don't have to be fat . . . just *flabby-muscled!* And, if you are overweight, dieting (by itself) will not help. *You have to take special exercises to protect your abdominal muscles* . . . and that old idea of touching your toes ten times every morning *won't* correct or prevent that "pot." If anything, this routine may *magnify* it . . . not end it.

What you need (if 6 weeks from now you would like to have a hard flat stomach) are 2 very special exercises . . . one each of two different types . . . isometric and isotonic.

The first of these 2 special exercises is based on a relatively new concept . . . the *isometric* principle. This is a form of *static* exercise in which you pit your own muscles against each other (or an immovable object) for one brief *maximum* effort of a *few seconds* each time.

How a frog's leg started it all

Back in the 1920's, scientists (during some experiments) tied down one leg of a frog to see how soon it would grow weak from lack of exercise. To their astonishment, the frog over a period of several weeks, from straining at the bonds of his immobilized leg, developed it to a point where it was stronger than the free one.

Out of this discovery has grown the *isometric* technique of *static* exercise . . . (for which, incidentally, claims have been made that have not been heard since the days of snake oil).

However, this isometric technique, used for certain *specific* purposes, does a highly effective job . . . and one of these is to help you have a hard flat stomach. But it is *only* one of the 2 special exercises that you need. The other is an *isotonic* exercise called the *"V-sit."*

The *difference* between these two types of exercise is something you should know.

Isotonic (from the Greek) means exercises of *actual* movement. These are the kinds that give you *endurance*.

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EDITORIAL

acts of confrontation and conquest. Mrs. Gray is no less concerned with the fact of love or the acts of love than is anyone else. But she rescues love from the cramped view of it as physical activity without meaning or grace.

Walter Lippmann is known primarily as a political analyst. He was also a keen observer of human relationships. In his *A Preface to Morals* (1929), he wrote about love as an energizing rather than as a depleting force in human exchange. "When a man and woman are *successfully* [italics ours] in love," he wrote, "their whole activity is energized and victorious. They walk better, their digestion improves, they think more clearly, their secret worries drop away, the world is fresh and interesting, and they can do more than they dreamed they could do. In love of this kind, sexual intimacy is not the dead end of desire as it is in romantic or promiscuous love, but periodic affirmation of the inward delight of desire pervading an active life. Love of this sort can grow; it is not, like youth itself, a moment that comes and is gone and remains only a memory of something which cannot be recovered. It can grow because it has something to grow upon and grow with."

Love thus defined is not excluded from the kind of friendship Mrs. Gray writes about. It is perhaps a commentary on our age that such themes should have to be celebrated in a novel, but it is a hopeful commentary, for it opens out on a world in which all sorts of rediscoveries are possible, friendship high among them. For lasting friendships are a rare reward, one of the prime gifts that life has to offer. In Arthur Miller's phrase, attention should be paid. **—N.C.**

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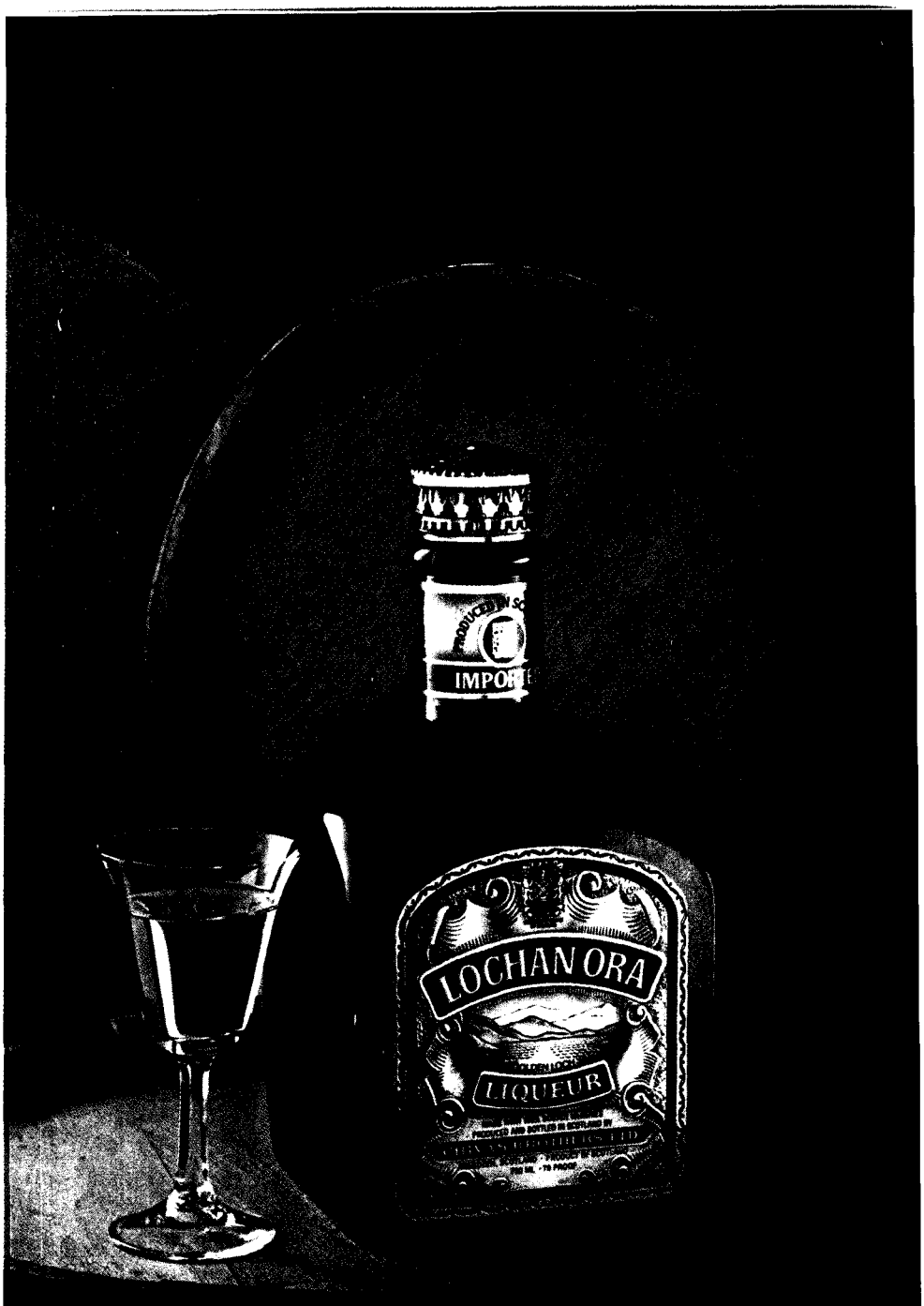

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OCTOBER SPOTLIGHTS

Okinawan actor Nido Tichiuchi in the dance-play *Kumi Udui*. ▼

THEATER

A Unique Asian Hybrid

A troupe known as **Court Dance Theater and Music From Okinawa, Japan** will be performing its way up and down the length and breadth of the country in an extensive itinerary that opens in Pearl City, Oahu, Hawaii, on October 2, and closes a month and a half later with a special festival performance at the Asia Society in New York City.

Through history the island of Okinawa has been a Far Eastern cultural crossroads, resulting in an engagingly hybrid theatrical tradition that incorporates Japanese, Chinese, Korean, and Indonesian influences. The dance-play *Kumi Udui*, originally performed at court by members of the samurai class, contains elements of the stately Noh theater and the karate-derived movements of Kabuki; while the acrobatic *Shishi-mai*, the "Lion Dance," harkens more to Peking Opera. The troupe's music, played on the delicate and subdued instruments of the Japanese, moves with all the chiming rhythmic vitality of Indonesian gamelan music, and uses the Indonesian rather than Japanese pentatonic scale. Its arrival marks the company's first appearance in the U.S., giving American audiences a rare glimpse of its singular cultural blend.

FILM

The Cukor Touch Today

Jacqueline Bisset said of her new film **Rich and Famous**, in which she co-stars with Candice Bergen, "The thing is, it's a film about people, and that interests me far more than anything I've done so far." That's what the lady said.

One might reasonably wonder if Hollywood is still capable of making a film about people, rather than cartoon characters in capes. We wouldn't be too hopeful, except that the director this time around is 81-year-old George Cukor, celebrated for the special charm he coaxes from actresses. Cukor's previous successes span 50 years and include *Dinner at Eight*, *Little Women*, *Camille*, and *The Philadelphia Story*. In 1964, he won an Oscar for *My Fair Lady*.

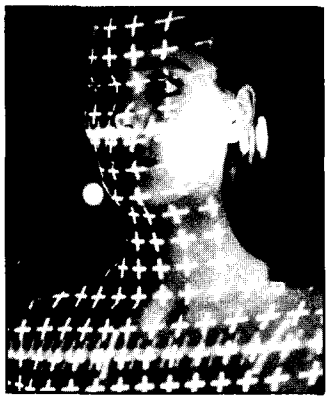
As actresses, Bergen and Bisset aren't renowned for their emotive ranges—though Bergen's *froid* exterior began cracking interestingly in *Starting Over*. This time out, the actresses play friends whose relationship warms and cools over a period of 20 years. If the Cukor touch lingers, their performances could blossom. (Premieres October 9.)

Crichton's Latest Thriller

Michael Crichton graduated from Harvard Medical School with his thriller about mutating bacteria, *The Andromeda Strain*, already a best seller. Having tasted fame and fortune, he soon abandoned a medical career to write highly popular novels and direct top-grossing movies. Financial considerations aside, his books have generally been more successful than his films. *The Great Train Robbery* ripped along in the reading, but sagged in his film version; and his direction of *Coma*, based on Robin Cook's novel, was as cold as the plot's illicit cadavers.

Looker, premiering this month, is Crichton's fourth movie as a director, and his second from an original screenplay (after *Westworld*). The sci-fi suspense movie stars James Coburn, Albert Finney, and Susan Dey in a story about advertising executives who synthesize, by computer, duplicates of live fashion models. (Several of these computer-clones are played by former *Playboy* models. Could this be why Crichton deserted electrocardiograms?) Crichton's stories usually succeed as amiable diversions, and *The Great Train Robbery* as a film at least showed Crichton progressing as a director. It's conceivable, then, that *Looker* could turn out to be a comer. (Premieres October 23.)

▲ **Bisset (left), Bergen (right), and David Selby in *Rich and Famous*.**



◄ **A computer measures Susan Dey for perfection in Crichton's *Looker*.**

OPERA

Nilsson, Leinsdorf at the Met

Rare among operatic superstars, Birgit Nilsson has managed her voice so skillfully that, now in her early sixties, she sings with all the soaring power of her youth. Her voice is still an extraordinary instrument, even after a lifetime spent grappling with Wagner's heaviest roles. Part of her secret has been to limit her engagements and she has stuck to her resolve, singing only sparingly.

Due to her well-publicized disagreements with the IRS, Nilsson for many years refused to sing in the United States. Any Nilsson appearance on these shores is therefore news. This season, she will sing one of her most celebrated roles, the Dyer's Wife, in Richard Strauss's **Die Frau ohne Schatten** at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City, conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. The maestro, widely acclaimed as one of the great conductors of German opera, likewise appears infrequently at the Met, and this rare dual appearance could create the most sought-after ticket of the musical season. (October 12, 17, 23, and 29.)

◄ **Birgit Nilsson sings the Dyer's Wife in *Die Frau ohne Schatten*.**

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TELEVISION

Anthony Hopkins Takes on the Moor

When he arrived as the attending physician to PBS's Shakespeare series, Jonathan Miller managed to induce signs of life in the ailing patient. Dr. Miller—medical school graduate, theatrical director, and writer-performer in the revue *Beyond the Fringe* and his PBS series *The Body in Question*—has a reputation for being perversely original in his approach to theatrical classics. As director of **Othello**, however, he is reportedly taking a traditional interpretation.

Still, Miller has intriguingly cast the problematic actor Anthony Hopkins as the Moor. Hopkins, apparently eager for a Hollywood career, has occasionally squandered his considerable talents on such eyewash as *Audrey Rose*, *Magic*, and *A Change of Seasons*. But given decent material he can be very good—potentially as fine an actor, in fact, as anyone of his generation. He far outdistanced Richard Burton in *Equus* on Broadway; he turned in a brilliantly complex performance as Bruno Richard Hauptmann in NBC's *The Lindbergh Kidnapping Case*; and his sensitive performance in the film version of *The Elephant Man* was the only worthwhile contribution to that otherwise embarrassing production. There's a chance, then, that the collaboration of Hopkins and Miller could produce a significant television event. (October 12.)

▲ Penelope Wilton as Desdemona (center) confronts Hopkins as Othello.

Rossini in Houston

The Houston Grand Opera will give the first U.S. performance in more than a century and a half of **La Donna del Lago**, Gioacchino Rossini's 1819 opera based on the romantic poem, *The Lady of the Lake*, by Sir Walter Scott. The plot is a typically operatic imbroglio about lovers caught in political tensions between England and Scotland. In Houston, Frederica Von Stade and Marilyn Horne will star as the Highland lovers, Ellen and Malcolm. The opera will be staged by Frank Corsaro. Claudio Scimone will conduct; set design by Ming Cho Lee.

Though it is one of Rossini's most touchingly lyrical operas, *La Donna* fell into worldwide obscurity after its initial success; between 1860 and 1958 it seems not to have been staged anywhere in the world. One impediment was the difficulty of finding an Ellen up to the brilliant and exacting final aria, which Rossini wrote in mezzo register for the famous soprano, Isabella-Angela Colbran, who performed the role at the opera's debut. The often inspired Von Stade should be fully up to the challenge. (October 15, 18, 20, and 23.)

Dürer's "The Small Horse" at the Coburg exhibit in Detroit. ▼

ART

Artists Inspired by Luther

Four hundred and sixty-four years ago this month, Martin Luther tacked up his 95 theses on the door of the All Saints Church in Wittenberg to protest the Roman Church's selling of indulgences. The work of his artistic allies and enemies in the epic struggle of the Reformation will be on view at the Detroit Institute of Arts in their exhibit, **From a Mighty Fortress: Prints, Drawings, and Books in the Age of Luther, 1483-1546, From Coburg**.

Seen for the first time outside Germany, this impressive collection of 222 pieces includes woodcuts ranging from small devotional images to satirical broadsides, multipaneled friezes of battles, five drypoints by the Master of the Housebook, and "high" art drawings by such artists as Albrecht Dürer, Lucas Cranach, and Hans Holbein. Though the exhibit concentrates on devotional and proselytizing art from the Renaissance and the Reformation, the selection will put these works in a broad context, ranging as far afield as Holbein's jewelry designs. The exhibit will make only one other stop on the continent, at the National Gallery of Canada in Ottawa, before returning to Germany. (In Detroit, October 3 through November 22.)

Victorian Taste Returns

Queen Victoria affectionately called him "My Edwin," and during the course of his troubled life she championed his work, purchasing some 39 of his canvases. Now her great-great-granddaughter, Elizabeth II, has lent 27 works by **Sir Edwin Landseer** from the royal collection. They will join more than 100 others at the Philadelphia Museum in the first Landseer exhibition ever held in the United States.

Until recently, Landseer's lushly romantic depictions of animals and dramatic Scottish landscapes had fallen severely out of fashion—as had, indeed, most Victoriana. Today, however, the soaring market value of Landseers points to a general reappraisal, an enjoyment of the unabashed romanticism and sentimentality of such pictures as "The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner," in which a faithful dog sorrowfully lays his head on his deceased master's coffin; and "The Monarch of the Glen," which depicts a regal stag presiding over his Highland domain. (Both paintings will be on view in Philadelphia.) Is it all kitsch—or, as the art world seems to be convincing itself, the real thing? The Philadelphia show can only heat up the debate. (October 25 through January 3.)

▲ Typical Landseer oil, from 1839.

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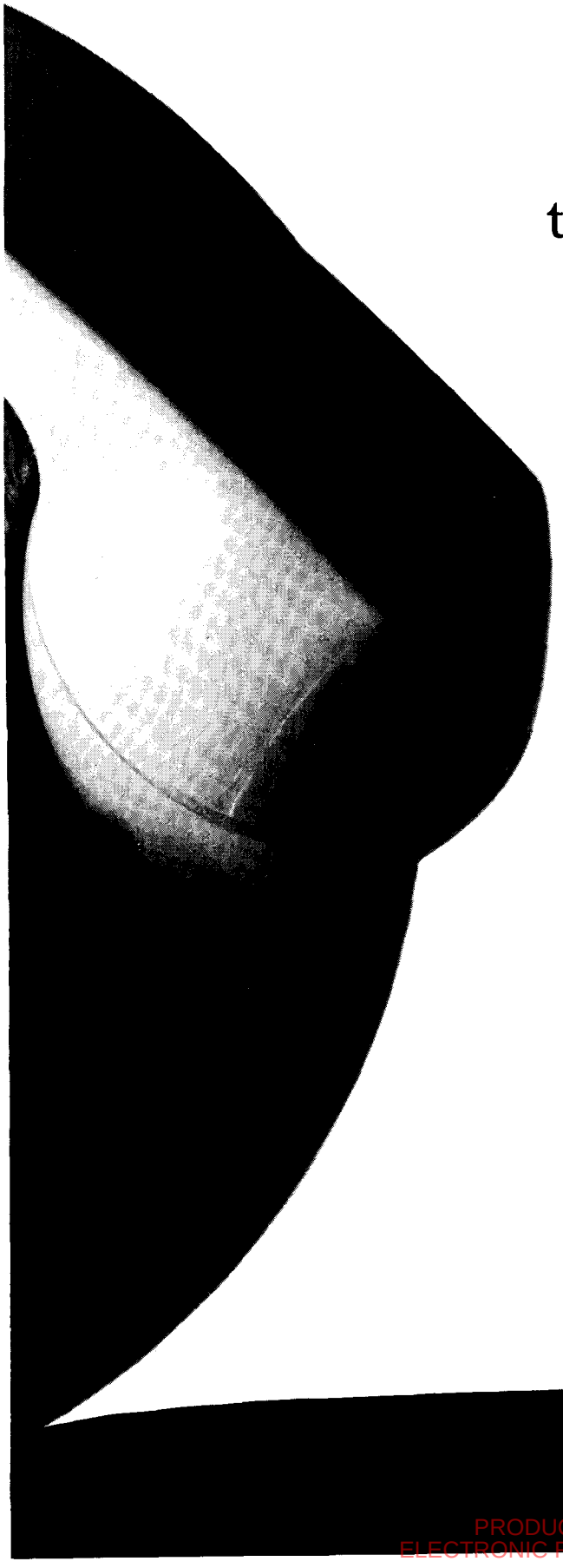

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Turning Sex and Guilt Into an American Epic

At 49, John Updike is publishing his third "Rabbit" novel—and it reflects his own coming to terms with middle age.

BY MICHIKO KAKUTANI

An hour north of Boston, in a countrified suburb not unlike those inhabited by the men and women of his *New Yorker* stories, John Updike lives in an old New England home. Although the study betrays its owner's literary vocation—floor-to-ceiling shelves filled with his own books in a dozen languages, uncouth stacks of galleys waiting to be reviewed, and a National Book Award tucked away in the corner of an unused bar—the 18th-century house, with its comfortable blend of tradition and modernity, might belong to any suburban couple. There are antique wing chairs and a nubby, white Design Research sofa in the living room, snapshots of children from two marriages on the walls, and golf clubs on the floor. Indeed, Updike's home testifies to the same virtues of the ordinary and the domestic that he has illumined throughout his fiction.

Gracious, self-deprecating, and casually attentive, Updike possesses a boyish charm similar to that radiated by his heroes. The deracinated voice is soft, the smile quick, the conversation imprinted with a slight stutter and an unconscious gift for metaphor. At 49, Updike has written 25 books, and his work, considered as a whole, gives—as he once wrote in an essay on Vladimir Nabokov—"the happy impression of an oeuvre, of a continuous task carried forward variously, of a solid personality, of a plentitude of gifts explored, knowingly."

Gifted with a pictorial imagination and poet's sensitivity to language, Updike has taken as his subject the American middle class—with all the sweetness and pain attendant upon its rituals of marriage and divorce and child-raising—and defined, perhaps more persuasively than any other American author, the emotional territory of memory and desire. At his best, he invests the mundane with meaning and captures in the glimpse of a moment the crises of contemporary life.

Updike's latest book, *Rabbit Is Rich*, which will be published this month by Alfred A. Knopf, is a sequel of sorts to two earlier "Rabbit" books: the critically acclaimed *Rabbit Run*, written when he was 28, and *Rabbit Redux*, which appeared nearly a decade ago. Unlike much of his recent work, the Rabbit books are not set on Boston's sedate North Shore, where Updike currently resides, but in the Pennsylvania of his youth; the hero Harry "Rabbit" Angstrom is not an educated, suburban sophisticate, but a former high school basketball star. And while this subject matter is occasionally at odds with Updike's cultivated voice, the books remain a testament to his belief that "there is a lot worth saying about people who aren't especially beautiful or bright or urban."

Written as a kind of reaction to Jack Kerouac's *On the Road*, the first Rabbit book traced not only a young man's desire to flee the constrictions of domestic life, but also the consequences of his flight on those around him. *Rabbit Redux* found Harry 10 years older, working as a linotype operator, and terribly confused by the public events of the 1960s—the feminist revolution, the black movement, and the Vietnam War—which intrude and rattle his comfortable family nest.

The reverberations of those years have faded somewhat by the time Harry surfaces again in *Rabbit Is Rich*. It is 1979, and he has inherited his father-in-law's Toyota agency, joined the local country club, and settled into the comfortable but precarious limbo of middle age; he feels "a strange sort of peace at his time of life like a thrown ball at the top of its arc is for a second still."

And there is a certain stillness to this book as well—it is flatter, less vigorous somehow than its predecessors. Harry's search for an old girl friend and the child of his she once bore, his decision to move out of his mother-in-law's house, and his realization that his son Nelson is reliving his own mistakes—these bare bones of narrative action make for a kind of willful circularity. Instead of charting, as he did in the previous books, Rabbit's growth and his struggles against the temper of the times, Updike now seems more interested in delineating his character's state of mind. And in an odd way, this impulse is appropriate to Harry and his condition: Middle age, after all, is a period of consolidation, of stock-taking, of stasis even, and its peculiar tone and texture are here subtly evoked.

It is not a pleasant book, this third Rabbit novel. Updike has always been

Michiko Kakutani reports on cultural news for the *New York Times*.

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John Updike at his home in Georgetown, Massachusetts: "I'm no longer as adept at short stories and poems as I was."

fascinated by the dark underside of American domestic life, and in *Rabbit Is Rich* his scrutiny focuses on the guilt and resentments shared between husbands and wives, fathers and their children. Both the sex Harry engages in and the language he employs are considerably cruder than before, and this change in his metabolism attests to a certain change in the society around him. As documented by Updike's keen sociological eye, America has become an ugly, materialistic place—defined by disco music, television shows, and cheap hamburger joints—the controlling metaphors of which are shortages of gas and runaway inflation.

Taken together, in fact, Updike's three Rabbit books constitute something of an epic: They chronicle not only the maturation of one aging athlete, but the evolution of an America through three remarkable decades as well. And, in a sense, they also define Updike's own philosophy and art, for while Harry bears little immediate resemblance to his decorous creator, the two do share, as the author puts it, certain qualities of "Rabbitness."

"He's about my age, though a year younger," says Updike, who speaks in the same measured, precise prose as his books. "He is very human in that he's a compound of physical urgencies and spiritual illusions. In this, he resembles not only me but, I suspect, many men. Also, I think, like me, he's kind of good-natured and accepting of what happens to him as though it were a sort of letter from above."

What else can Updike say about Rabbitness? He pauses. "A wish to do no harm, as long as it doesn't cost him a great deal to avoid harm, is part of his character. A certain hardness of heart is also true of him; he is kind of callous at times. Yet he also has a great willingness to learn. He, like me, has been taught a lot not only by individual instructors, but by the times. It's been an era of increasing openness, of reconciliation to our bodies."

Indeed, like so many members of his—and his author's—generation, Rabbit is a victim of history. He is caught on the margins of a changing morality, living in a time when the old pieties and restrictions no longer really hold, when the temptations of a new, hectic sexuality are a constant lure. He is torn between old-fashioned notions of duty and self-sacrifice necessary to civilized middle-class life, and the new imperatives of self-fulfillment. Pulled down by the importunate demands of the flesh and raised up by vague spiritual aspirations, he wants to be both safe and free, and so suffers from guilt even as he yearns for salvation.

These conflicts, so endemic in Updike's characters, from the Reverend Thomas Marshfield in *A Month of Sundays* to Henry Bech in *Bech: A Book*, are somewhat muted in *Rabbit Is Rich*. Harry has begun to enjoy what his creator calls the "relative happiness and freedom from tension that you might find in your 40's." And in terms of his own career and life, Updike too seems to have achieved a measure of peace, although that very fact elicits a kind of melancholy, a spiritual discomfort with the quiescence of middle age.

"I have no earthly reason for complaint, really," he says, "though this doesn't necessarily make a contented person. There's a moment in the organism when its thrust outward into the world and the call to mate and the need to make your mark no longer clamor at you, but the body hasn't quite begun to collapse, so in a strange way it's kind of a happy

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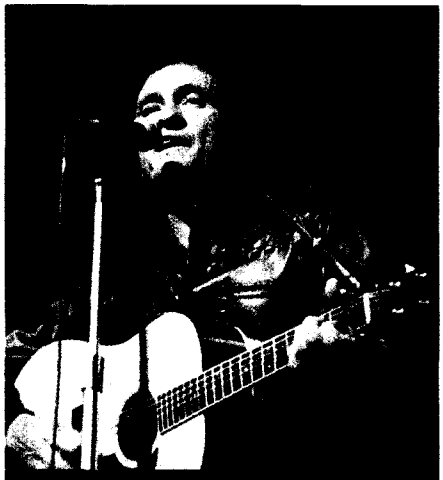

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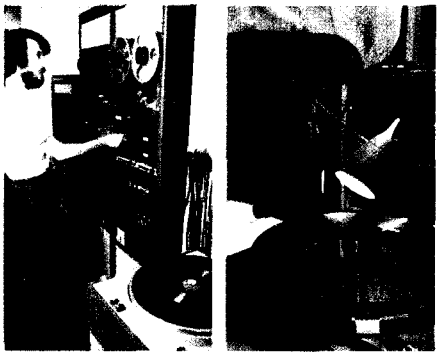

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moment. But while being at peace is probably a pretty good condition for a car salesman, I'm not sure it's a good condition for a writer.

"I look back now to when I was a college student and marvel that that skinny fellow had the courage to throw himself on the world and appoint himself a writer. So I'm pretty content professionally, though I'm at a curious moment, it seems to me, when I must push on. In a certain sense what I once could do, I can't do now, so I have to locate what I can do."

Clearly Updike is not suffering from the sort of writer's block that afflicted the aging hero of *Bech: A Book*. In addition to producing nearly a book a year, he regularly contributes stories and book reviews to the *New Yorker*. But he seems, nonetheless, to be plagued by certain persistent doubts. Having started out as a poet, he now writes little verse at all and foresees the day when he will forsake the short-story form as well.

"There's a crystallization that goes on in a poem, which the young man can bring off, but which the middle-aged man can't," he says. "It saddens me that, for whatever reason, I can't or don't write much of it anymore. Nor do I write as many short stories as I used to, or write them with the same ease—that sense of just being like a piece of ice on a stove. I feel myself being pushed toward the novel as my exclusive métier, in part because I'm no longer as adept at the shorter form as I was.

"It may be a kind of muscular thing that also makes ball players retire at 40," he goes on. "Certainly writing is, among other things, a kind of athletic achievement—just the mental quickness, the ability to combine thoughts simultaneously. Also, I think that any achievement and especially artistic achievement is born partly out of the illusion that what you have to do is important and that you can do it. And one of the powers of youth might be the power of conjuring up this illusion. Once you start to doubt whether something is worth doing, there's a terrible tendency not to do it.

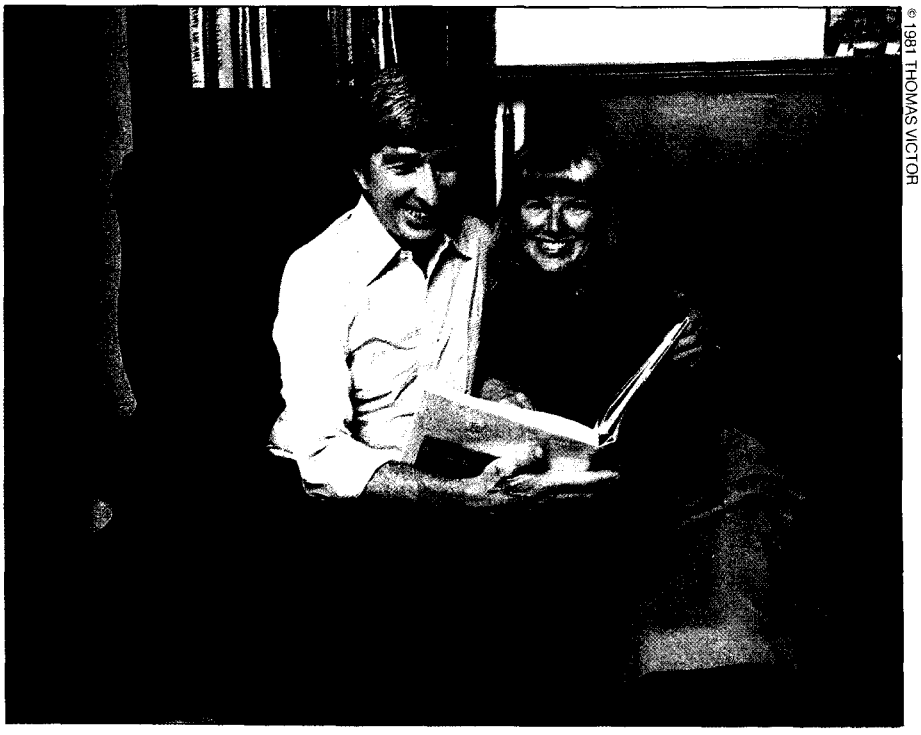
"You have said a certain amount by my age and you have possibly unpacked your bag to a great extent. I say this as a kind of critic, and my being a book reviewer these days may give me this unfertilizing perspective—the possibility there are enough books in this world, enough books by *me* in this world. And yet, I enjoy so much making books, making words march down the page that I'm not really tempted to stop. I'm convinced I can still pull something out of the fire that hasn't been done before."

In the past, some critics have faulted Updike for writing too gracefully, too lyrically—his prose, Norman Mailer once declared, was "precious, overpreened, self-indulgent." Others have taken him to task for failing to write a "big," important novel, a novel commensurate with his talent. Norman Podhoretz, for one, went so far as to assert that "he seems a writer who has very little to say."

Yet while his work has occasionally been uneven—his self-imposed quota of producing a book a year has resulted in such slight, imperfect works as *Marry Me*—Updike has clearly demonstrated an extraordinary range since making his precocious novelistic debut with *The Poorhouse Fair* in 1959. He has moved fluently from fiction to parody, light verse, and children's books, as well as distinguishing himself as one of America's finest critics. And his novels, however limited in canvas, have also been more varied and ambitious than many of his critics have acknowledged.

A tender portrait of a generous, well-meaning schoolteacher who was modeled on Updike's own father, *The Centaur* won the 1964 National Book Award for its Joycean infusion of myth into the mundane events of daily life. *Couples* examined the consequences of sin in a post-Fall Eden, attesting to the author's sociological eye and theological vision. *Bech: A Book* projected, with much high-spirited wit, Updike's own writerly concerns onto an unlikely Jewish author. And *The Coup* expanded Updike's fictional territory beyond the small towns of America, conjuring with masterful detail the imaginary African kingdom of Kush and its imperial leader, President Elleloû.

What these disparate works share, of course, is a durable autobiographical impulse that animates the work through certain dominant motifs and preoccupations. Whether it is Rabbit feeling so surrounded by the dead that "he feels for the living around him, the camaraderie of survivors," or Henry Bech feeling like "a fleck of dust condemned to know it is a fleck of dust," or President Elleloû looking up at the stars and lamenting that "we will be forgotten, all of us forgotten," Updike's characters are all afflicted by existential intimations of their own mortality. That fear is at once terrifying and restorative: It threatens to make everything they do meaningless and futile, but it also sends them running back to God. This theme, like so many others in his work, is rooted in Updike's own life.



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With his second wife, Martha: "Divorce is guilty-making...but kinder than not."

Raised a Lutheran by church-going parents, Updike experienced a kind of philosophical panic during his late twenties. "It was the fear of dying," he recalls. "Although I was in no immediate danger, I realized one day I would indeed die, and in light of this fact, everything took on a kind of greasy sheen of hopelessness. I had little children at the time. I was in the prime of life. I was a young married man on the rise, living in a pleasant small

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town, and I went around caked with terror. I remember building my little girl a dollhouse about this time, and hammering those pieces of plywood together in my basement made it seem somehow that I was hanging on with my fingernails to a side of a cliff."

He began reading Karl Barth and Sören Kierkegaard. These writers gave him a kind of solace and they renewed his faith. "They convinced me that this was the human condition," says Updike, "and that we could leap our way out of it. And once you take this highly intellectually unhealthy leap into faith, the world becomes accessible again. This realization's helped me to be creative and do my job or at least fill the shoes of a human being—shoes that maybe other people don't find so hard to fill. Not that the dread ever disappears—it's like you keep giving yourself anesthetic, but the toothache is still there, and if you miss a shot, it might return."

No doubt some of those fears were nurtured by Updike's childhood during the Depression. A cherished only child, John Hoyer Updike grew up in Shillington, a small Pennsylvania town that has since been romanticized as a kind of enchanted place in his Olinger stories. In actuality, it was a somewhat precarious existence. His father supported the family on a schoolteacher's annual salary of $1,740 and Updike now recalls "an air of being refugees, an undercurrent of hysteria.

"Work was sacred," he says. "The specter of actual starvation and social humiliation was very real then. My father was an awfully good man in terms of fulfilling his responsibilities. He went off to work, day after day, sick or well, even though he didn't much really like teaching. I had his example of self-sacrifice before me constantly and maybe felt somehow that he had done enough self-sacrificing for the two of us. And so I've not tried to live his life, even though I feel all those generations of Protestant righteousness."

For the young Updike, reading—especially P.G. Wodehouse—and drawing provided a kind of escape from the drabness of the world around him, and his mother, an aspiring writer herself, encouraged his artistic aspirations. The arrival of a *New Yorker* gift subscription settled matters once and for all: Updike decided that more than anything he wanted to work for that wonderful magazine in Manhattan.

Updike (above) back home in Pennsylvania, about the time he was starting his career as a writer, and (left) in 1936 with his mother who encouraged his artistic aspirations.

Talent and great good fortune combined to fulfill those ambitions with remarkable celerity. In 1950, a full scholarship brought Updike to Harvard, where he studied English literature, worked for the *Lampoon*, and met and married a fine-arts major named Mary Pennington. After graduation, they left for England, and John enrolled at the Ruskin School of Drawing and Fine Art in Oxford—an experience that would help fine-tune his sharp, pictorial eye. When they returned to the States a year later, it was with John's assurance of a job at the *New Yorker* as a "Talk-of-the-Town" reporter.

Inspired by J.D. Salinger, Updike apparently already had greater aspirations: Each day, before sitting down at his desk to compose pieces about such matters as the pigeons in Bryant Park or cocktail hour at the Biltmore, he would write three pages of a first novel that was to be titled *Home*. Although he would abandon this project after 600 pages, Updike felt convinced that he had found a vocation, that he possessed something special and luminous worth saying.

He soon found, however, that it was somewhat difficult to become a novelist in New York. The very intensity of the city made "writing fiction based on little more than your own experience and witnessing seem a little foolish," and he was also convinced, he says, that "an American bard ought to immerse himself in an America more typical than New York City." So in 1957, after only two years at the *New Yorker*, 25-year-old John Updike and his family moved to Ipswich, Massachusetts.

There, the Updikes raised their four children—Elizabeth, David, Michael, and Miranda—and pursued a somewhat hermetic existence, rarely venturing into Boston, much less New York. They attended church almost every Sunday, and on alternate Wednesdays played

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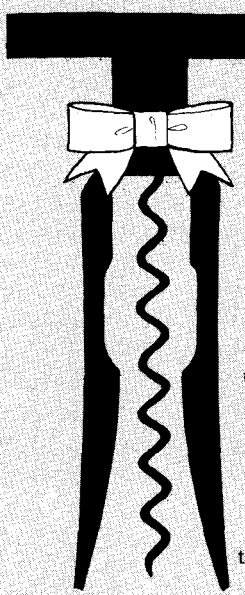

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recorders with a group of friends. Updike joined the building committee for the local church, as well as the town's Democratic committee. In time, such activities were chronicled in his *New Yorker* stories, although the most sustained and certainly most controversial portrait of Ipswich would appear in *Couples*, his 1968 novel about Tarbox, a fictional community where adultery is the favorite pastime of its bright young couples.

By the early 1970s, Updike's own marriage was foundering. He moved to Boston as a "divorcing bachelor" in 1974, and some three years later married the former Martha Bernhard, an old friend and neighbor in Ipswich, who had previously been married to a prominent Boston lawyer. Instead of returning to Ipswich, the new couple, accompanied by Martha's three children from her former marriage, moved to nearby Georgetown.

The divorce and the attendant circumstances, Updike acknowledges, were traumatic, and the experience no doubt explains, in part at least, the preoccupation in his fiction with marriage and betrayal, love and sex and guilt. "There are prices paid for our strayings from the social net," he says. "We're tightly enough packed that if one thing moves or falls out of place, there's a jostling felt all down the line, and someone suffers even if it's not you. You can perceive that your own wealth and happiness are in some sense carved from the hides of people who are less wealthy and happy, that your own sexual happiness is often carved from the hides of people who wind up as losers. So there's a temptation in front of my characters to remain absolutely quiet and not be guilty of anything—shame over aggression. And in my own life, I guess, I tend to be quiet, although I haven't been uniformly so.

"Divorce is a great guilty-making thing, of course, especially when it's your idea," he goes on. "The only consolation on this moral level is that it is your idea and that you are, in a sense, carrying out something—you are acting, and there is a way in which it is better to act and take the blame than to act hopeless and complain. I think that one way or the other, we make those around us pay, and maybe in my case and in many others, divorce for all of the immediate sorrows around it is kinder than not."

His divorce, as well as the joys and problems of his first marriage, was meticulously chronicled by Updike in a series of *New Yorker* stories about an attractive young couple named the Maples. They also left New York to live in a Boston suburb, had four children, quarreled and reconciled, and finally obtained one of the first no-fault divorces in the state of Massachusetts. Although Updike himself has been the subject of fictional scrutiny—both his mother and his eldest son, David, have published quasi-autobiographical stories in the *New Yorker*—one wonders what sort of consequences his closely autobiographical work has had on those he loves.

"I suspect there's some pain in living with me and reading my undoubtedly distorted and self-serving version of events that are somewhat real," he says. "But I've been surrounded—from my parents to my wives to my children—by forebearing and tactful people who haven't complained too loudly. And, in all cases, it seemed to me, that my value to those nearest me was generated by my being a writer, and it was essential to my being a writer that I be fairly honest."

These days, Updike feels, just being a writer has become something of a full-time occupation. Whereas in the past, he could spend his mornings writing and devote his afternoons to being a householder and a citizen, he now finds that the duties of being a prominent author take more and more of his time. Although he and Martha have now lived in Georgetown for nearly six years, they participate in few community activities. Updike conserves his time for writing.

Trips to New York to see editors and other writers are more frequent these days than in the past ("Being a writer is a little like being a tiger, in that it takes a lot of landscape to support you, but it's good to see other tigers now and then just to know your stripes aren't the only stripes around"). And Updike, like Bech, finds that success has bred a host of distractions. He is asked to serve on prize committees, speak at universities, and support all manner of important causes—activities he regards with a measure of distrust.

"It was a trend 10 years ago," he says, "for writers to speak up for the oppressed, for draftees, for the ghetto poor. And every cause in itself can be argued for, and many can be embraced as a citizen. Still, it seems to me quite corrupting for a writer to think of himself as a spokesman or a savior. All these other good things you could be doing are to the eventual neglect of the one indubitably good thing you could be doing—writing your best stuff and doing it honestly and irresponsibly even. We owe nobody anything, but we owe the reader the best book we can produce." ■

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The Genius of Eugène Atget

His photographs combine unsurpassed lyrical beauty and documentary realism— yet they were neglected for years. This month, he'll be given the biggest museum show ever accorded any photographer.

BY BEN LIFSON

On August 3, 1927, the day before his death, Eugène Atget struggled to the balcony of his sixth-floor apartment in Montparnasse, looked down at Paris, and shouted, "I'm dying!" It was a fitting gesture for an ex-actor and an unintentionally comic one for an unrecognized genius—but it was also a tragic farewell to the Paris he had loved and photographed for 29 years.

The incident may well be apocryphal since so little is known about Atget. But it has become part of the near-mythical legend that has grown up around him. Atget photographed Paris obsessively, getting up before dawn, day after day, to be in the streets with the first morning light. He lugged a bulky wooden camera, a tripod, and glass negatives in heavy wooden holders—almost 40 pounds' worth of equipment—through the city, into the surrounding countryside, and often as far as Versailles and Saint-Cloud. He usually photographed until noon, then returned home to process and print his day's work. This routine lasted from 1898, when Atget began his epic work, until World War I, when failing health and growing depression slowed him down. But he kept on working, and at the end of his life he was a picturesque figure with shabby work clothes, antiquated equipment, and the large black cloth he would drape over himself and his camera whenever he took a picture. Young artists in Montparnasse called him "Le Père Atget."

Atget made about 10,000 photographs, and they are some of the most complex images ever recorded with a camera—and some of the most lyrically beautiful. But until recently, only one-tenth of Atget's work was known to the public. Then in 1968, Berenice Abbott, an American photographer who collected Atget's work (see page 30), sold more than 5,000 Atget images to the Museum of Modern Art. The museum's photography department, under the direction of John Szarkowski, spent more than 10 years cataloguing and dating the work, and this month it will begin presenting the most lavish and thorough exhibition any photographer has ever received. The first show, called "Old France," deals with Atget's countryside photographs. It will be followed by three more shows—one a year until 1984. "Old France" simultaneously introduces Atget to the general public in a form worthy of his achievement and reintroduces him to his admirers with many photographs never before seen.

The only known pictures of Atget, taken in 1927 by Berenice Abbott, suggest the artist's eccentricity (left) and his self-confidence (right).

Atget's work is stunning. He was adept at the prosaic idiom of the documentary photographer, but he was also a master of the supple visual language of a great lyrical artist. "To our eyes," says Szarkowski, "it would seem simpler and more reasonable if Atget's work had been done by at least two photographers." Atget's genius comes from the reconciliation, often within single pictures, of documentation and lyricism, of objective fact and personal perception.

The idea that there were two Atgets is artistically captured in two portraits taken by Berenice Abbott—the only

Ben Lifson, photography critic for the *Village Voice*, is a lecturer in the history of photography at Yale University.

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These three photographs show "the complexity of Atget's art, his analytic vision, his virtuosity at transfiguration." Top: "Bords de [la] Marne" (1903). Bottom left: "Sceaux-les-Chartreux, ferme" (1924). Bottom right: "Poirier en fleurs" (1922-23).

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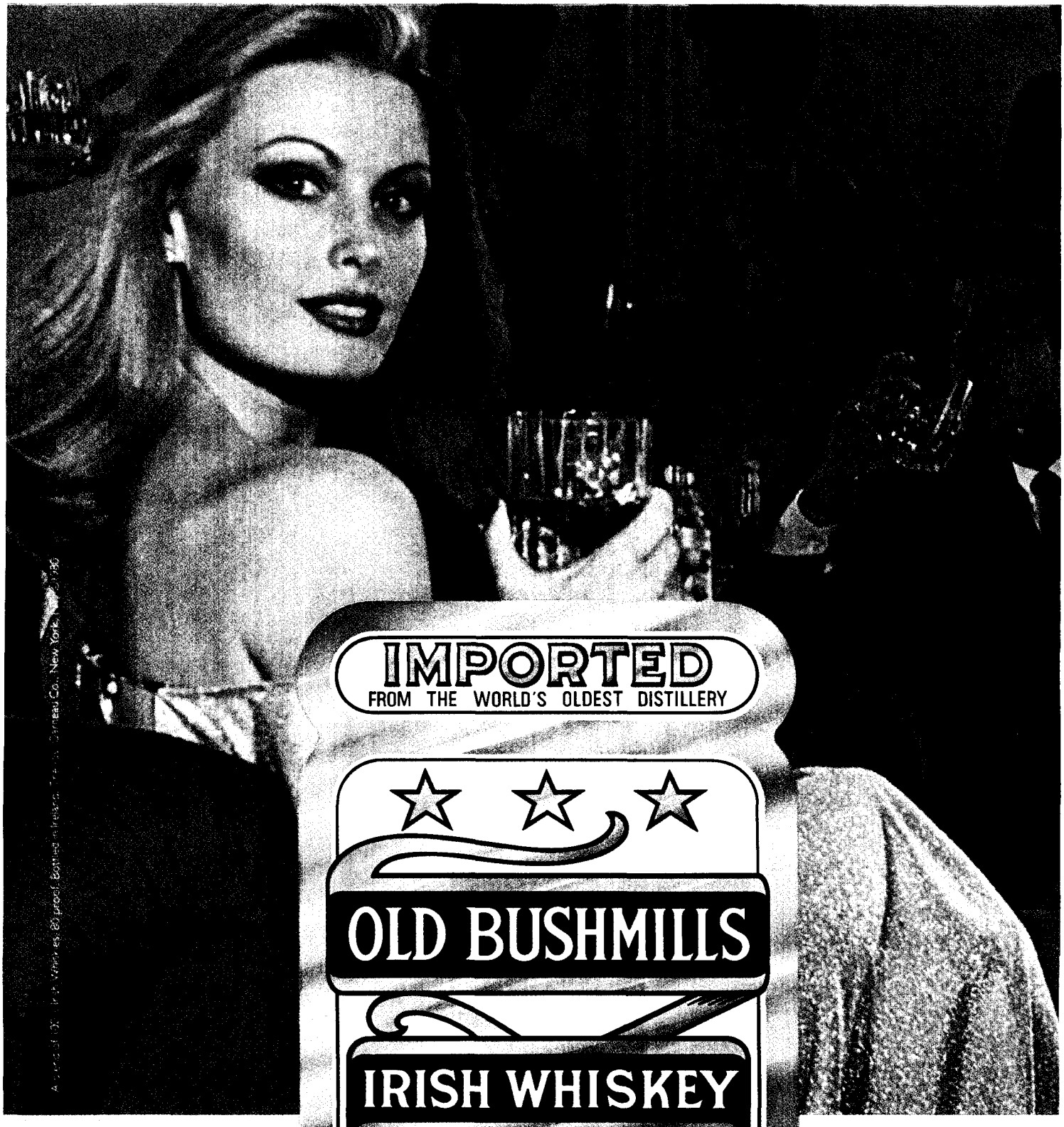

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known pictures of Atget. One, a profile, corresponds to the lyrical Atget, the eccentric who thought all foods poison but bread, sugar, and milk, and who kept his neighbors awake by shouting long passages from Victor Hugo. It also suggests a melancholy Atget who struggled against bouts of depression and, when he sat for Abbott, against unshakable grief over the death of Valentine Compagnon, his common-law wife of 40 years.

The full portrait, on the other hand, suggests Atget's analytical and commercial side. This is the Atget who could write candidly about the historical content of his pictures and fear that they might "fall into the hands of someone ignorant of their value and finally disappear without profit to anyone." This is the self-confident Atget, the honest tradesman in his plaid shirt and best overcoat. This is the clear-sighted Atget, eyeglasses in hand, whose documentary clarity brings out the deepest meaning in his subjects.

To some early critics, Atget was merely a commercial photographer who happened to be a gifted primitive intuitively working at an artistic level beyond his comprehension. He was indeed a commercial photographer specializing in documents of old Paris, but the invention in his work is hardly a common aspect of commercial style, and his exploration of pictorial structure, sustained for almost 30 years, is not one of the marks of a primitive artist.

Consider just three photos from the current show that demonstrate the complexity of his art: a scene of the Marne River, a blossoming pear tree, and a well yard (see page 25). Atget's exploration of picture structure can be seen in the complex, interlocking triangles that give the Marne its astonishing stillness; in the bold flourishes that animate the tree; and in the several small climaxes in the well yard, dispersed to keep our eye moving across the frame as if across a tapestry.

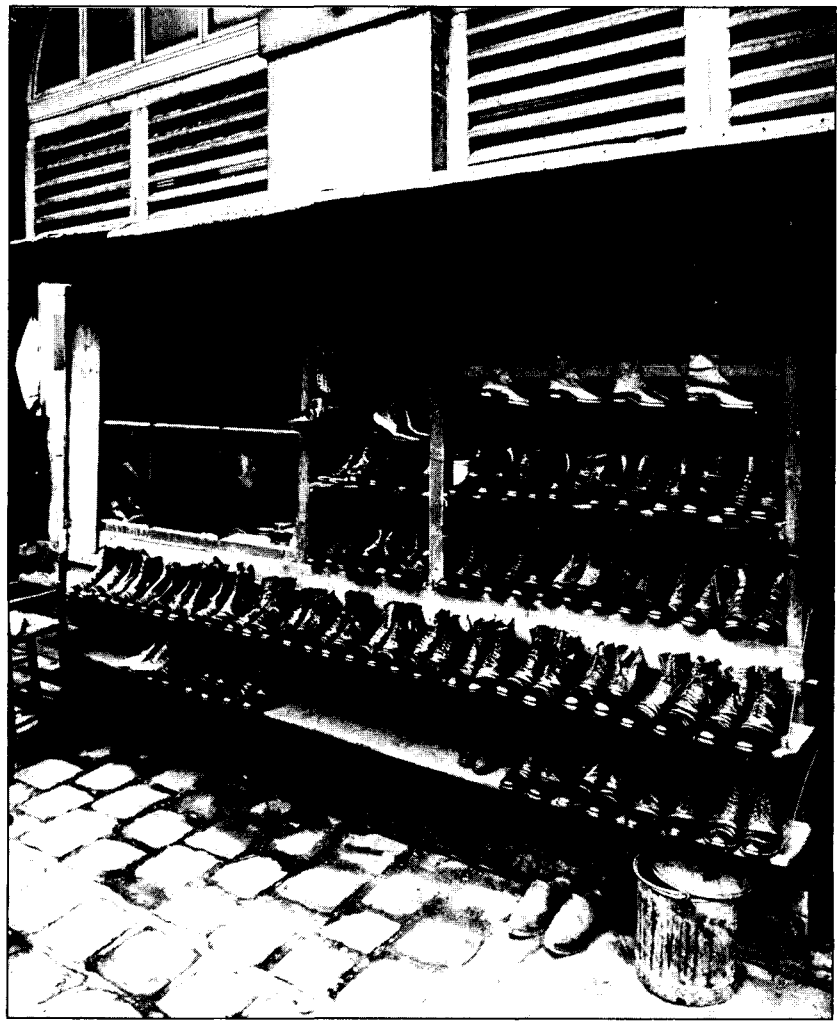
The same three photographs demonstrate Atget's analytical vision. They tell us about the location of the bend in the river, the prevailing winds in the orchard, and the style, age, and frequency of use of every object in the yard. His analysis of space is unprecedented and unequaled in photography and transcends the requirements of both documentation and realism. As the space of an Atget photograph develops, perhaps purely for its own sake, it becomes a meditation on the world that contains such space, on human sight that can perceive it, and on photography that can articulate both.

Finally, the three pictures demonstrate Atget's virtuosity at photographic transfiguration. In the river scene, the perfect balance between light and shade, between world and reflection, and the almost *trompe-l'oeil* projection of the boat from its shadow, mirror the disorienting moment when we emerge from a daydream, suspended between the tenebrous truth of reverie and the mystical brightness of the real world. The pear tree's flourish not only gives us the impact of the world's ordinary beauty but an imaginative conceit as well: The tree sways from the suddenly released energy of all its blossoms opening at once. And unnaturally bright light spilling into the well yard suggests that a stone goddess's graven smile might also be an instant's benediction.

His documentary record of Paris was Atget's best-known work. Photographers had documented Paris before, notably in the 1850s, and Atget probably knew their work; but his project is unprecedented, not only in its size, but in its specificity. Atget's Paris is a modest, inward city of obscure street corners, narrow streets, and numerous doorways, courtyards, vestibules, and stairwells. There are no broad vistas; at best, we see for a few blocks. Many natural centers of conviviality, such as bistros, little parks, and intersections crowded with shops, are often empty, which augments the atmosphere of privacy. Half-opened doors, or shafts of light from around a corner or from beneath the arched entrance to a distant courtyard, suggest even more intimate worlds opening off the world described.

It is also an inviting city. Its second-hand stalls and small shops proffer their abundant wares, as the city provides for human need, including the need for visual pleasure. One of Atget's major themes is the decorative art of Paris, and he defines it not only as public statuary, formal gardens, or the architectural ornaments of fine *hôtels* with their stone goddesses and baroque gates, but as commercial imagery, too. Old wrought-iron signs above modest shop doors, a painted

"Marche des Carmes, Place Maubert": The visual pleasure in everyday needs.



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"Street Musicians": So much is united in the touch of their hands.

vineyard on a wine merchant's wall, carrousel horses in a street circus, are aspects of a city's urge to decorate itself. An Oriental rug hanging out of a window in a poor courtyard, or lilies growing in a pot and tied with wire, are expressions, perhaps accidental, of a people's impulse toward beauty. "It is," says John Szarkowski in his catalogue essay for the show, "as though the world itself were a finished work of art, coherent, surprising, and well constructed from any possible vantage point, and Atget's photographs of it no more than a natural and sweet-minded payment of homage."

Atget avoided the Eiffel Tower and other emblems of the modern world and sought his culture's resources in the past. And he seems to have identified the best of its tradition with working-class and lower middle-class culture. When he lets the modern world in, he photographs shop windows with the latest fashions, newspaper kiosks, and street corners—modern versions of his old subjects—and mostly in modest quarters. In his photographs of Versailles and other centers of the Ancien Régime, his tone is often cold, his style ironic, and he is as likely to linger over neo-classical urns covered with graffiti as in abandoned *allées* with picturesque, crumbling marble gods. He is warmer and more straightforward among such dispossessed characters as rag pickers and street musicians.

His photographs of the countryside have been regarded as picturesque studies subsidiary to the Parisian work. One of the revelations of the first Museum of Modern Art exhibition—which contains no Paris pictures—is the scope of Atget's rural work. Maria Morris Hambourg, the art historian who helped to catalogue and date Atget's work, has discovered that he photographed in the countryside throughout his career, and as analytically as in Paris.

According to Hambourg's catalogue essay, Atget's countryside is the historic Ile de France, birthplace of the modern nation and culture. But Hambourg also notes that in the Ile de France to the north of Paris, industrialization was rapidly erasing traces of that culture, and that Atget photographed almost exclusively to the south and west. There, in the plan of an orchard or the shape of a country lane he could still find abundant visual expressions of the tradition he valued. In the enclosed gardens and village squares he found the inwardness he also sought in Paris. In the thatching of a shed or the trimming of ivy against a wall he described a people's relationship to nature and its urge to beautify. "There are few town halls, schools, post offices, or war monuments," Hambourg points out, "for Atget's Old France is not a political unit; it is a timeless way of life, and its people are governed not by decree, but by centuries of local custom and by the cycles of the seasons."

Atget was born in Libourne, near the southwestern port city of Bordeaux, in 1857. We are told that his father was a carriage maker. The child was orphaned early and reared by an uncle, who was a minor official, perhaps with the national railroad, perhaps with the harbor authority of Bordeaux. And perhaps this uncle moved his family, including the young Eugene, to Paris sometime during Atget's childhood.

From Atget's business letters we can tell he received a classical education, but whether at the hands of the Jesuits in preparation for the priesthood, as some have suggested, has yet to be proved or disproved. Nor do we know how thorough his education was; his apparent familiarity with classical myth may have come from his actor's knowledge of Racine and Corneille. When he left school he went to sea, working as a cabin boy, and sailing as far as Uruguay.

In his early twenties, Atget studied acting in Paris at the Conservatory of the French National Theater, and for the next 17 years he worked as an actor. He played small parts in provincial touring companies and in theaters in the Paris suburbs. In his early thirties, he met Valentine Compagnon, an actress, who became his common-law wife. Compagnon was from an old theatrical family and had a stronger career than Atget's; she was also 10 years his senior.

In the mid-1890s, as Atget was approaching 40 and Compagnon 50, they settled in Paris. Her career was drawing to a close, and his was at a dead end. It was then that he left the stage, looked for another career, and turned to photography, although it has been suggested that he was a competent photographer much earlier. In 1898, aged 41, Atget made his first substantial sale of documentary photographs to one of the

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Why ignore the obvious?

Nobody wants to start a family argument about household bills on Christmas morning. For much the same reasons, this may seem like a bad time to rake up the controversy over the wider use of nuclear energy in the United States.

There's an adequate supply of crude oil for the moment. The government has broadened the frontiers for oil and natural gas exploration. Gas discoveries are on the rise. Coal production is on the upswing. So why bring up that nasty, politics-laden debate over the future of nuclear energy? Actually, this is a good time, especially when it's done by a nonpolitical, scientific group which can tackle the issue in a dispassionate way. That's why we're impressed with the findings of the International Scientific Forums on Energy, at which scientists from 16 countries have met each year since 1977. At their most recent session, they reached two persuasive conclusions:

1. Despite higher energy prices, energy demand will continue to grow, though at a slower rate than before. "Failure to meet this demand will result in extensive social evils such as poverty, starvation, unrest, epidemics, riots and wars."

2. "No single technology can meet the world's future demand," and "nuclear fission must play a significant role in meeting world energy demand over at least the next five decades, and over this period, it cannot be forgone without excessive risk."

The way the scientists see it, meeting energy demand is far more than a mere matter of keeping homes heated, automobiles running, and the wheels of industry turning, though it's all of these as well. Real, deep, long-range energy shortages can frustrate the aspirations of those who have yet to attain a decent living standard by reducing incomes and such basics as proper health care.

Usually, discussions of nuclear energy focus on the environmental risks it poses. And while the accident at Three Mile Island failed, by most judgments, to result in disaster, it did serve as a reminder that the most scrupulous safety precautions must be observed. It also served to force us to focus attention on the prevention of nuclear mishaps, not just on containing accidents as was done successfully at Three Mile Island.

But what about the Energy Forums' warning of "excessive risks" without nuclear energy? These scientists, like most thinking people, must be aware that the supply of conventional hydrocarbons—oil, gas, and coal—is finite; that oil and gas production is apt to decline by the end of this century; and that renewable energy sources, such as solar, may have large future use but are not ready to meet a meaningful portion of this generation's energy requirements.

Widespread poverty and disease could ultimately reduce human life to a standard unknown since the advent of modern civilization. Even before this would occur, the elemental struggle between the world's haves and have-nots could erupt into bloodshed in quest of the remaining energy resources. Even now, the free world worries that the Soviet Union might add to political tension by threatening western nations' access to Middle East oil fields.

Such risks are just as fearsome as the hazards posed by nuclear plants or inadequate disposal of atomic wastes. Perhaps more so, because nuclear safety and waste can be managed but human emotions in the face of starvation and disease cannot.

As we've said, right now energy supplies are adequate. But that makes right now the time to look ahead and not to ignore the obvious.

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"Boulevard de la Madeleine": The world itself is a finished work of art.

public collections that were to become steady clients. Pleased to be able to earn a living, Atget settled into his trade.

After becoming a photographer, Atget's life was outwardly less eventful than before. He worked steadily, selling to various clients including antiquarians, sign painters, architects, theatrical costumers, and filmmakers. The playwright Victorien Sardou, who sat on urban planning boards, gave Atget information concerning buildings or neighborhoods destined for demolition, and Atget used this knowledge to competitive advantage. He also sold picturesque studies to painters, who appreciated them as aids to memory when they couldn't work directly from nature. He lived quietly with Compagnon, sustained old theatrical friendships, and made new friends among the artists of Montmartre. At some point he studied painting but discovered no talent for it. Late in his career, the Surrealists hailed him as a forerunner, and Man Ray arranged for Atget's work to be published in *La Révolution Surréaliste*. We don't know Atget's reaction to this.

In the middle of his career, when he was preoccupied by financial concerns, depressed by World War I, and in bad health, Atget made his most workaday photographs, although he never stopped making deeply personal work. It was during this period that he also delivered his lectures on the theater. In 1920, he sold a substantial collection of negatives, and began to work more vigorously, with the passion that financial security can release. His late work contains some of his boldest pictorial invention and most intense lyricism. In 1926, Compagnon died. Atget worked sporadically for another year, made some good pictures, but mostly grieved until he himself died a year later.

Considered psychologically, this uneventful life is a tissue of losses, interruptions, disorientations, reloca-

The Woman Who Rescued Atget's Work

During his lifetime Eugène Atget received no public recognition, and if it weren't for Berenice Abbott, much of his great work would have been lost. Abbott was 27 and on the threshold of her own career as a photographer when she saw her first Atget prints in Man Ray's Paris studio in 1925. "Their impact," she later wrote, "was immediate and tremendous—the shock of realism unadorned." She quickly found and befriended the aging master. Two years later Abbott made Atget's portrait. But when she went to show him the proofs, his business sign was gone from his apartment door, the flat was empty, and the *concièrge* broke the news: M. Atget was dead. Abbott's first concern was for the photographs. A long search led to Atget's executor, André Calmettes, and to the more than 1,000 negatives and 5,000 prints in his possession. Although another collector offered more, Calmettes sold the work to Abbott because of her greater love for it. "It took two lifetimes for Atget to achieve recognition," she now recalls, "his and mine. In Paris, I'd show the pictures to everyone, but nothing came of it. And every time I moved, I took the Atgets by hand. They were glass negatives, and you couldn't leave them to the movers."

Settling in New York in 1929, Abbott continued as Atget's champion. In return for part interest in the collection, art dealer Julien Levy put up some money to help promote Atget. "Julien did one show, early," Abbott recalls. "It was for the Junior League, I think. Then he lost interest. The ladies weren't ready for Atget."

In 1953, the Metropolitan Museum presented a show of 100 prints. "When I walked in," says Abbott, "I almost fainted. The pictures were up near the ceiling. The glass was full of glare. No one could see them. I asked the curator, 'Could we re-hang them? I'll stay up all night, anything....' He said no."

In the late 1950s, Ben Rayburn, at Horizon Press, responded to Atget's work, and Abbott's book, *The World of Atget* (1964), was conceived. More exhibitions and publications followed, and Atget's reputation grew. In the mid-1960s, Abbott decided to lodge the collection with a public institution. She took the pictures to France, thinking, "After all, the French should have first choice. But a representative of the Bibliothèque Nationale went through them like a pack of cards, and Malraux sent me to an official who said, 'Send me a list of everything.' Such general indifference I'll never understand." In 1968, the Museum of Modern Art bought the collection.

Berenice Abbott in 1944: "It took two lifetimes

Abbott, now 83, lives in Maine. Her own

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tions, contradictions, discrepancies, failure, improvisation, and regeneration. Out of it came an art dedicated to ambiguity and complexity, seeking reconciliation. In his well-known photograph of the organ grinder and the street singer, how much is united in the touch of their hands: male and female, old and young, large and small, inwardness and efflorescence, art, nature, and the city. In his equally well-known photographs of shop windows, reflections of ornamental buildings and trees along the boulevard combine with the mannequins to create new, mysterious, disorienting tableaux. Plate glass, water, mirrors, even damp pavement seem to have obsessed Atget. As they reflect the world back at itself, the reflected images often join with the objects they reflect, creating new forms, and momentarily allowing water to take on the characteristic of stone or glass to become dark and leafy as a tree.

In the countryside, we learn from the Museum of Modern Art's exhibition, nature often performs the function reserved, in Paris, for art. Branches of trees unite to form a decorative arch over an orchard gate, and ivy droops from a drainpipe into a cistern as if it were an architect's fanciful carving. Old well yards are seen to resemble village squares, country lanes share their forms with the streets of small towns, as Atget unites locations that in actuality are separated by many miles, and spread through 30 years of photography.

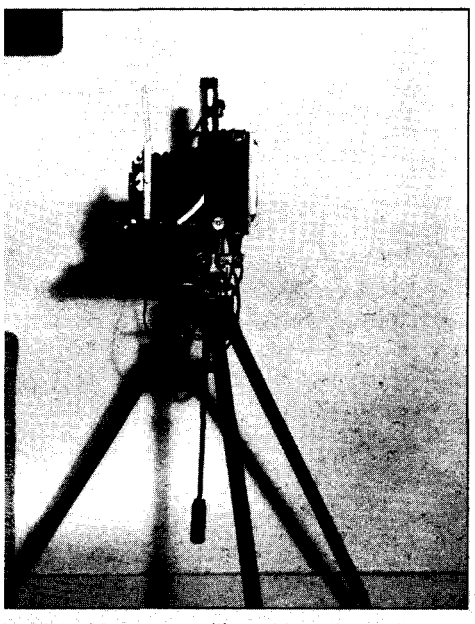
In Atget's whole work, similarities in form between, for example, arched shop windows and the niche of a church—or similarities between the structure Atget builds around a prostitute in Paris and a goddess at Versailles—create unexpected connections among subjects that otherwise would belong to quite separate documentary categories. The decorations on a rag picker's hovel and a cascade at Versailles are both understood as examples of ornate decorative style.

Atget can make these connections in part because his subjects—even prostitutes, street vendors, rag pickers—are all heavily stylized to begin with, are as much images as they are things. Thus the connections can often be established according to the content of the image rather than the nature of the thing itself. But Atget can combine his subjects into his own constellations of meaning because they are only pieces of his artifices, like a poet's words or a painter's brush strokes. Despite his realism, Atget does not disguise the fact that we are looking at photographs. The over-intense light, the frequent blur, sudden shadows, even the dark vignetting at the tops of his pictures (a function of Atget's lens)—all examples of what, in his day, were considered flawed photographic practices—are intentional references to photography's means of production. In shop windows, we see Atget's reflection, the anonymous photographer who is also a determining part of his picture's tonal and graphic structure. It is another version of Atget's complex theory of his medium, and a remarkably modernist one.

And in a way, Berenice Abbott's sharply dualistic portraits of Atget reflect this most advanced aspect of his art. Atget, too, would photograph the same subject—a tree, a gate to a chateau, a statue at Versailles—over and over again, as its aspect changed with the passing of the sun, the seasons, or the years. To Szarkowski, Atget's frequent returning to a street or a shop window is part of Atget's modernism. It shows his insistence on the difference between the thing photographed and the photograph itself. It reveals his anti-Platonic sense of the plurality of form. And it reflects his anarchistic belief that no subject is the same, or can be photographed the same way twice.

So great is Atget's realism, however, that each version of the subject seems true. In this paradox lies the irony of the art of a man who was nurtured by the 19th century but who matured in the 20th. It is a romantic art that vigorously and with great faith proposes correspondences and connections in the world. At the same time, it is a modernist art that shatters its own illusions, refers to its own facture, and denies—with equal good faith—that the longed-for reconciliations it proposes can exist anywhere outside its own artifice. The stunning sweetness of Atget's art can present both understandings with conviction, and view the world's hateful contraries with curiosity and calm acceptance. ■

"Tuileries—Figure par Hodh" (1910): Atget shot the decorative art of Paris—from statues to shops.



lget to achieve recognition, his and mine."

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photographs are highly esteemed, and next month some of her work will be exhibited at the International Center of Photography in New York. She also eagerly awaits the Atget exhibit. "It's high time," she says. And of her own effort to save Atget's work, she says simply, "It was my responsibility." —Ben Lifson

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Cable TV's Culture War

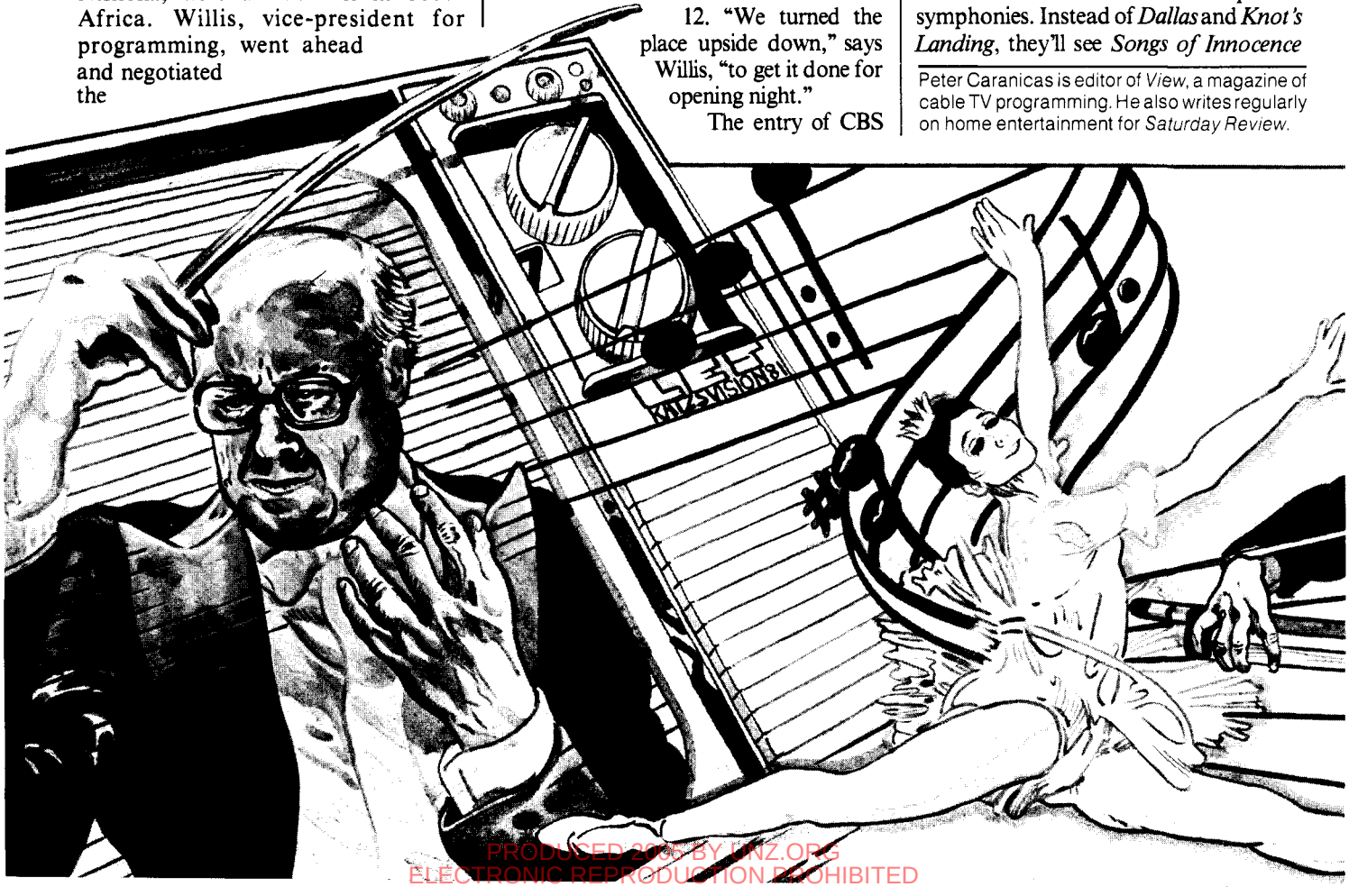
This month, CBS joins four other networks in a scramble to bring the performing arts to television. But already the field looks overcrowded.

BY PETER CARANICAS

When Jack Willis was planning the cultural programming for CBS's new cable network, he decided to mount a production of *Sizwe Banzi Is Dead*, a South African play by Athol Fugard that was an off-Broadway hit a few seasons ago. There was only one hitch: The two black actors who starred in the play, John Kani and Winston Ntshona, were unreachable in South Africa. Willis, vice-president for programming, went ahead and negotiated the rights to the play, figuring he'd run it later in the season. Then, without advance notice, Kani and Ntshona showed up in New York. They would love to do the play for CBS, they said, but it had to be done right away. Within three weeks, Willis conducted rehearsals, got the set built, and taped the 90-minute show—just in time to launch CBS's new cable network on October 12. "We turned the place upside down," says Willis, "to get it done for opening night."

The entry of CBS into cultural programming on cable marks a major turning point for television. Seven nights a week, the new network will offer the kinds of programs seldom seen on commercial TV. Instead of *M*A*S*H* and *Magnum P.I.*, home audiences will be able to watch *Bernstein Conducts Beethoven*, an 11-hour series with the conductor leading the Vienna Philharmonic in all nine of the composer's symphonies. Instead of *Dallas* and *Knot's Landing*, they'll see *Songs of Innocence*

Peter Caranicas is editor of *View*, a magazine of cable TV programming. He also writes regularly on home entertainment for *Saturday Review*.



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and Experience, a series of performances based on the poetry of William Blake, set to music by Elizabeth Swados. And instead of *The Dukes of Hazzard*, they'll be offered a National Theatre production of David Storey's *Early Days*, with Sir Ralph Richardson.

CBS thus joins a cable field increasingly crowded with cultural programs (chart, page 34). Bravo, a division of Long Island-based Rainbow Programming Services, started transmitting cultural programs over cable television late last year. ABC, running almost even with CBS in the broadcast ratings race, actually beat its archrival into the cable arena with a cultural service called ARTS, which ABC owns and operates jointly with Hearst, the publishing giant. ARTS was launched this past April. RCA, the parent company of CBS's other rival, NBC, has signed an agreement with Rockefeller Center, Inc., to launch yet another program service designed to appeal to "upscale" people. It will be called The Entertainment Channel and is scheduled to be launched in January 1982. And PBS, attempting to rise to the occasion, has proposed to set up a semicommercial venture called PBS/ Cable with the support of its member stations and arts institutions around the country.

But skeptics are beginning to raise some critical questions. Is there enough demand to support five culture-cable networks? Is there enough quality programming to go around? Will subscribers be willing to pay an extra monthly fee for cultural programs that do not carry advertising? And for those programs offered free to viewers, will advertisers buy enough time to pay for the shows? No one knows for sure, though even those in the business concede that not all the cultural networks will survive. "There will be a thinning-out process," admits Herbert A. Granath, vice-president in charge of ABC Video Enterprises.

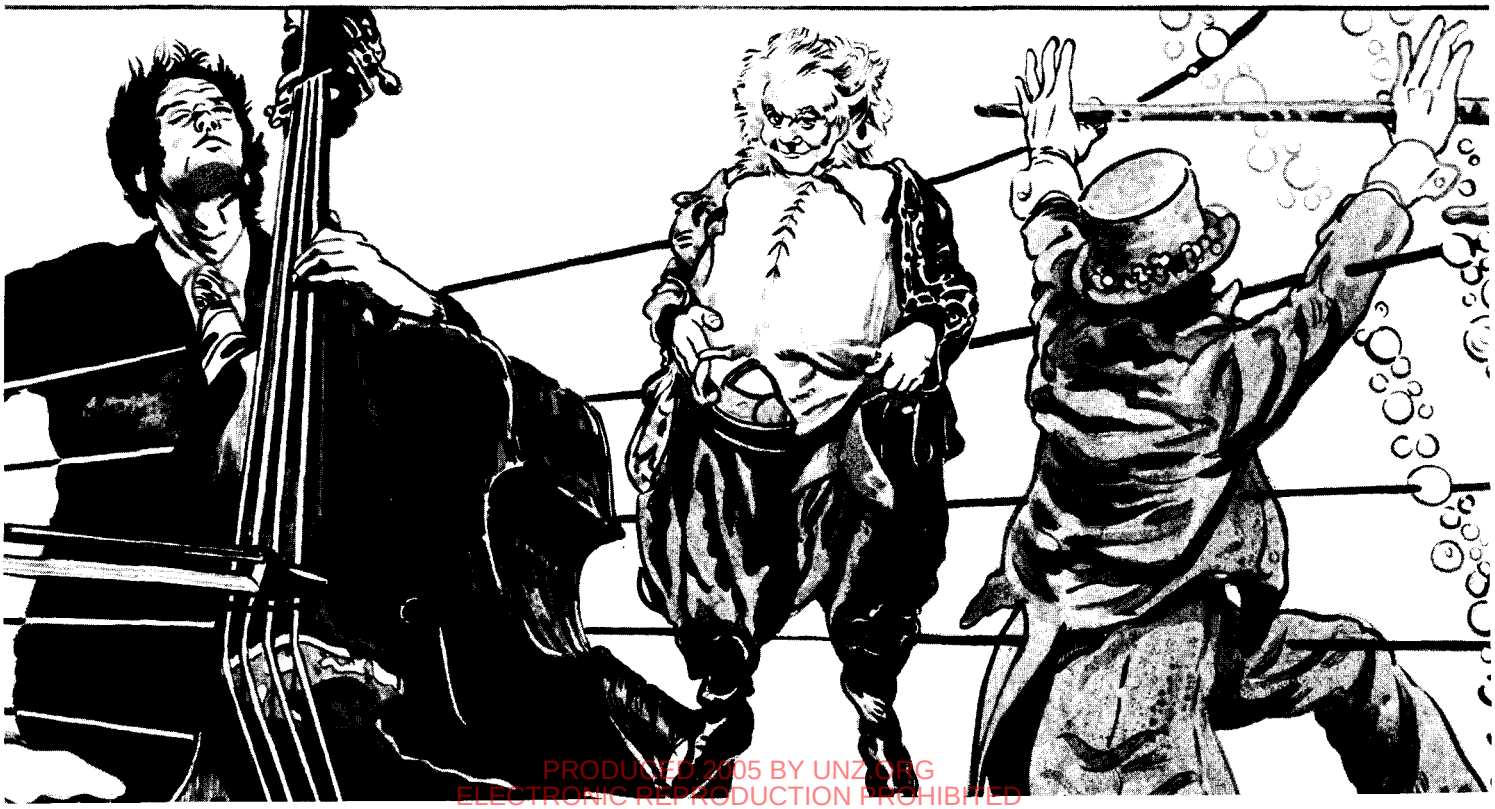
It should be understood that the programs these services are offering will never be available to everyone with a television set. So far, only about 25 percent of all U.S. TV homes are wired for cable. Such big cities as Chicago and Philadelphia are not yet wired, and it will be the end of the decade before as many as half of all TV homes can receive cable programs. Even being wired, however, is not enough. The local cable system must "dedicate" one of its channels to one of the cultural services in order for its subscribers to receive it. (The program signal is transmitted by the programming service to the cable operator via satellite.) In the newer 54- or 108-channel cable systems now being built, this presents no problem. But in older systems, with 25 or fewer channels—which are already clogged with the major commercial networks, sports channels, 24-hour news services, movie channels, vanity channels available for rent to local performers, and so on—there may not be enough spare channel capacity to take on one of the new services. The local system operator would have to "bump off" an existing channel to accommodate one of the new cultural services. But most cable operators, not at all anxious to rock the boat, might not make such a move unless their subscribers clamored for it.

Finally, there are two types of cable channels: pay and basic. To receive a pay channel, the subscriber must pay an extra fee over and above the amount charged for the basic cable service. Home Box Office, which delivers uncut, commercial-free movies and variety specials, is the best known of the pay channels. Basic channels, on the other hand, are usually offered free to the cable subscriber and rely on advertising for their revenue.

The cultural services fall into both categories. Bravo already charges its 100,000 subscribers an average of $8.50 per month. The Entertainment Channel and PBS/ Cable plan to charge even more—in the $12-$14 range. ARTS and CBS Cable charge nothing. Instead, both are actively soliciting Madison Avenue for ads to support the programming.

Even though all five competing networks haven't yet begun broadcasting, they seem to be adapting subtly to each other's presence in the marketplace by offering, or planning to offer, well-differentiated programming. A spectrum running from "culture" to "entertainment" can already be discerned.

ABC/ Hearst's ARTS service lies at the purely cultural end, with programming consisting of performing arts and cultural themes presented by name hosts. For instance, actor Jack Palance recently



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WHO'S WHO IN CULTURAL CABLE

SERVICE	OWNER	TYPE OF PROGRAMMING	LAUNCH DATE	COMMER-CIALS	COST TO SUBSCRIBER (per month)
Bravo	Cablevision Inc., Cox Cable, Daniels & Assoc.	Performing arts, "Bravo Magazine," foreign films	December 1980	No	$8-$9
ARTS	ABC Inc., and Hearst Publishing	Performing arts, documentaries	April 1981	Yes	Free
CBS	CBS Inc.	Performing arts, documentaries, plays, foreign films, variety shows	October 1981	Yes	Free
THE ENTERTAINMENT CHANNEL	RCA Inc., and Rockefeller Center, Inc.	BBC shows, children's programs, foreign films, made-for-TV movies, mini-series, performing arts	January 1982	Yes	$12
PBS/CABLE	Proposed limited partnership between PBS/Cable, PBS member stations, and arts institutions	Not yet fully developed	1983?	Maybe	$13.95

presented a series entitled *The Mysterious Eastern Zone*, that included imported footage of concerts of Russian music, a documentary on Leningrad's Kirov theater, and a Los Angeles Museum of Art film on a recent exhibit of Russian painters.

Bravo acquires fewer ready-made programs than ARTS, preferring to send its own crews to tape live performances in the U.S. For example, last July the service presented Czech composer Bohislav Martinů's opera *The Greek Passion*, performed by the Indiana University Opera Theater. Bravo has also taped a number of performances at Carnegie Hall. In addition, Bravo produces *Bravo Magazine*, a monthly hour-long *60 Minutes*-type show focusing on cultural topics, and the network showcases foreign "art" movies as well.

CBS Cable's mix tends toward even greater variety, extending, like Bravo, to foreign films (one title: Ermanno Olmi's *The Tree of Wooden Clogs*), but also to Broadway and off-Broadway productions (one new play each week), jazz performances (coming up is an original *Tribute to Count Basie*), and documentaries focusing on personalities. "We don't want to take our culture too seriously," insists CBS Cable's Willis. Of all the services, The Entertainment Channel is making the strongest effort to get away from the most rarefied performing arts. "Culture doesn't sell," maintains senior vice-president for programming, Arnold N. Huberman. Fully 40 percent of The Entertainment Channel's programming will come straight from the BBC, with which the service has an exclusive contract, and will include dramas, comedies, and documentaries from Britain. The balance will consist of children's programming in the afternoon, some exclusively acquired foreign films, some originally produced TV movies, at least one eight-hour mini-series based on an American novel, 12 Broadway and off-Broadway plays a year, and "assorted" performing arts.

PBS/Cable's exact programming plans are not far enough along to describe, but it's a safe bet, according to PBS senior vice-president Peter Downey, that much of the material will be along the lines of PBS's *Great Performances* series. The mix will include dance, drama, opera, science, lectures, and even travelogues. Perhaps some of this material will go on to PBS itself to replace programs lost as a result of the BBC's deal with The Entertainment Channel.

In the past, cultural events of the sort these services offer rarely graced the home screen. PBS would occasionally mount a *Live From Lincoln Center* special, but by commercial network standards, NBC's *Live From Studio 8-H* was a broadcast bomb. (Ironically, when NBC's series presented a concert by the New York Philharmonic under Zubin Mehta, it drew an audience of 11 million—twice the average size of audiences for similar concerts on PBS. While this was too small for NBC, such viewership numbers would be considered a resounding success on cable.) In the future, if all five services have their way, there will suddenly be more culture on American television than even a newly enlightened public may be able to assimilate. But while everyone associated with the services agrees that they can't all survive, everyone questioned gives good reasons why his own has the best chances.

"Look, all we need is 350,000 subscribers to make money," says Bravo programming director Robert Weisberg. "If we can't reach that, then we made a bad mistake." Because Bravo is a pay-TV service subsidized directly by viewers, Weisberg points out, the 350,000 figure will ensure that all operating expenses and program costs are covered. Because Bravo is owned jointly by three cable TV companies who can market the service to their own combined total of over 1 million subscribers, Weisberg is confident that projections can be met.

The Entertainment Channel's Huberman agrees with Weisberg that a pay-TV service has a better chance for survival than a basic one because the local cable operators, who get a percentage of its revenues, have a better incentive to market it. But Huberman also feels that his service's "deep pockets," extending as they do into the vaults of Rockefeller Center, Inc., and RCA, give it a better chance to survive than Bravo. "It's a matter of shelf space," he explains, referring to the fact that cable operators have only a limited number of channels and that the services with the greatest staying power—those best equipped financially to ride out the long wait for channel space—are most likely to survive.

ARTS, the ABC network, now claims 4.6 million subscribers and predicts 6 million by year-end. But sophisticated audience-measurement techniques, long perfected in broadcasting, have not yet been applied to cable, so it's impossible to ascertain how many are actually watching. For this reason, perhaps, advertisers have been slow to back ad-supported cable services and, as of this writing, ARTS had yet to garner its first commercial. Granath, however, professes optimism that the service will break even in its second year.

The other ad-supported service, CBS Cable, is starting up this month with 3 million *potential* viewers and at least one sponsor: Kraft Foods. Kraft has agreed to sponsor a new Kraft Music Hall periodically over the next five years that will present serious artists such as Eileen Farrell and the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—alongside such breezier

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entertainers as Jack Gilford, Aretha Franklin, and Bobby Short. Like everyone else, CBS Cable president Dick Cox foresees a "shakeout" among cable's cultural services, but, also like the others, he seems certain it won't be his own company that gets left in the cold.

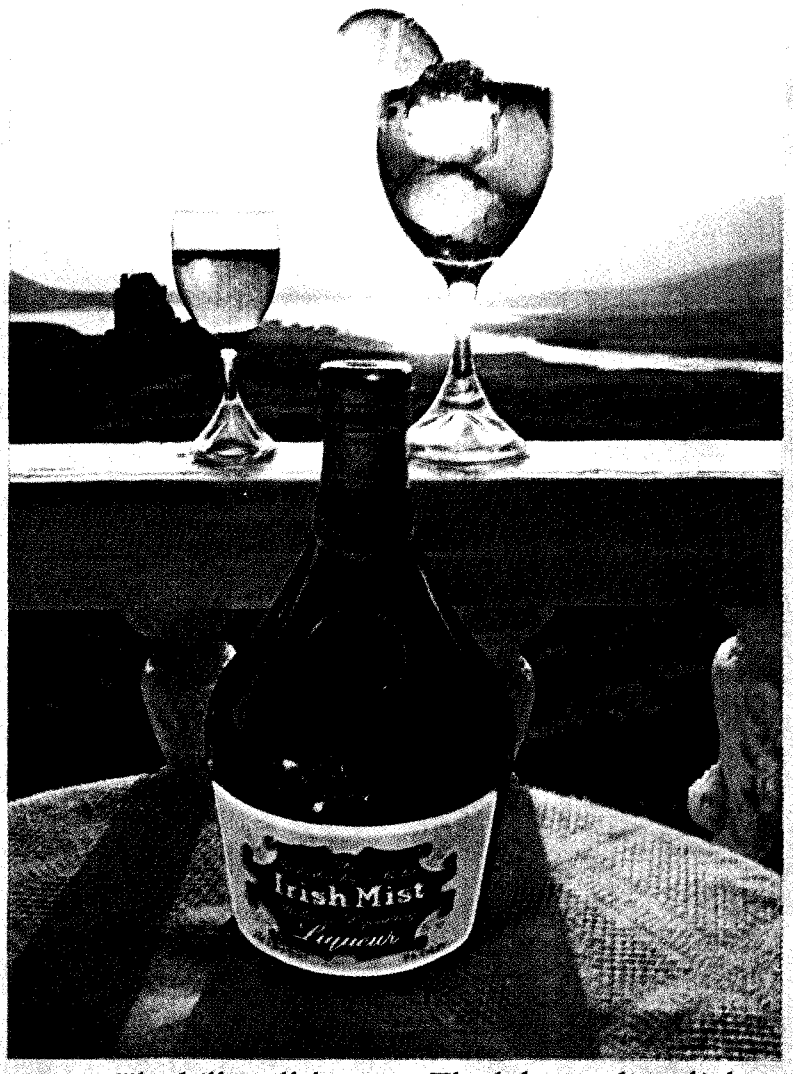
A shakeout among the other cultural services is just what PBS is hoping for in order to get its foot in the door. The public network's PBS/Cable proposal—which calls for a "limited partnership" arrangement between the new entity to be known as PBS/Cable, the individual PBS stations, and various large and small arts institutions—was the last of the five off the starting line. Even if the approval process, which is notoriously slow in public broadcasting, goes smoothly, the service is not likely to get off the ground before 1983. But such a late start doesn't faze PBS's Downey. "We'll let the players in the commercial marketplace flail away at each other," he smiles. "Let them wallow in buckets of red ink. You won't find all four in there, two years from now." At that time PBS hopes that its PBS/Cable offspring will step into the void vacated by the bloodied others and offer a for-profit performing-arts, pay-TV channel via cable for a hefty subscriber fee of $13.95 per month (with a slight discount for supporters of PBS member stations).

About half of PBS/Cable's original programming is expected to make a subsequent appearance on the regular PBS network. Why will people pay now for programming they might later see for free? Answers Downey: "Why do they buy hardbound books when they can wait for the paperback?"

It's worth noting that, at present, broadcasts of the performing arts seldom capture the impact of actually being in the presence of inspired artists. In the instances of news events and sports, broadcasters have learned how to compensate for the distancing television inevitably introduces—but for the most part they are still stumped by recitals, symphonies, operas, and ballets. So even if audiences currently think they want cultural programming, will their enthusiasm endure if the product feels consistently diminished?

Obviously there are many open questions regarding the future of cultural cable. But for those whose communities can receive any of the contending channels, the coming confrontation guarantees a bonanza of cultural riches undreamed of on *Fantasy Island.* ■

AN IRISH MIST SETTLED OVER THE EVENING.



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Irish Mist is the legendary, centuries old drink made from all this and sweetened with just a wisp of heather honey. Irish Mist can be enjoyed anytime, or place, or way: on the rocks; neat; or mixed with anything you like.

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IRISH MIST. THE LEGENDARY SPIRIT.

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John Fowles: A Novelist's Dilemma

In "The French Lieutenant's Woman," he depicts a heroine who is caught between the Victorian and modern world. So is Fowles.

BY JOSHUA GILDER

John Fowles lives with his wife, Elizabeth, in Lyme Regis, England, up the hill from the harbor, in a house overlooking the cobb (a long, winding breakwater) where Charles first encounters Sarah in The French Lieutenant's Woman. *The town has changed little enough in the last century; veiled slightly behind soft-focus photography, it looked authentic in Karel Reisz's recent filming of the novel.*

Fowles's tale of developing modern consciousness amidst Victorian rigidities left the reader to choose between two endings: a romantic uniting of the lovers, or the sacrifice of their love to Sarah's "liberation." The film version resolves this and other difficulties in the narrative by creating a movie-within-a-movie, paralleling the novel's romance with the ongoing affair of the lead actors.

Fowles, 55, describes himself as not *a literary person—"I have no literary friends, never discuss it." He writes novels, he says, only when he feels like it, and spends much of his time in other pursuits, including researches into the local history. In his light-filled study where we spoke stood a worktable spread with the manuscript of John Aubrey's 17th-century scientific, historical document,* Monumenta Britannica, *which Fowles was in the middle of editing (to be published in the United States by Little, Brown in January). Next to it lay a stack of title pages from the script to* The French Lieutenant's Woman, *which Fowles had co-signed with its writer, Harold Pinter.*

Joshua Gilder is an associate editor of *Saturday Review.*

SR *How closely did you work on the script with Harold Pinter?*

FOWLES We had discussions all the way through. I didn't contribute any of the actual dialogue, but where we had problems we talked it over. Once the film is shooting, however, authors are skeletons at the feast; you can't do anything except go there once a week and have a chat.

SR *Whose idea was the movie within the movie?*

FOWLES Theirs, but I liked it as soon as I heard of it. The major problem was compressing a book of that length and complexity into two hours. And then some means had to be found of telling the story, as in the novel, both from a Victorian and modern standpoint. I had seen scripts in the past with a Victorian character who commented and explained the historical background, who was half in the film and half out of it, and that simply did not work. What Harold Pinter has done, I think marvelously well, is give a kind of metaphor to the book.

SR *Did the decision to give* The French Lieutenant's Woman *two endings express some problem in the narrative?*

FOWLES It was because I could not bring myself to separate the two people, even though I knew artistically that they ought to be separate, that the unhappy ending was the right one. But you get emotionally involved with your characters. In terms of my own emotions and my feeling for the characters, I did want the happy ending. It suddenly occurred to me one day, if you can't make up your mind, then why not show it both ways and let the reader decide.

SR *Did living in Lyme Regis inspire* The French Lieutenant's Woman*?*

FOWLES Yes. I'm sure it did. I had this weird image of a woman standing with her back turned to me. There wasn't even a meeting, or a man, and at that time it wasn't an historical image; it might have been in an airport lounge. But gradually it took place down around the harbor. That's how the book started, just by this one image, which often happens to me. I have one tiny germ of an idea that won't go away, and then build from that. I now think it came from an obscure French novel I had liked for many years called *L'Ourika*, which was first published in 1824. It's the first study of the black mind—of an educated black woman in Paris—the tragedy of her life. She can't fit into the society. In fact, I translated the book, and it's been published in America. I realize now it lay behind *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, but I did not realize that at the time of writing. It never occurred to me. And the man in the French black woman's life was also named Charles—even that didn't ring a bell. Authors can be extremely blind to their own creative processes at times.

SR *Do you think it's a self-protective blindness?*

FOWLES I think so. I'm always sympa-

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thetic to these weird cases of plagiarism you get. I can understand how things in your unconscious could find their way into your work, and it's only later that some wretched academic will say that's taken from someone else. This doesn't worry me, because the novel is a kind of self-feeding form, a cannibal form, if you like; it does sort of eat itself, all through history. One cannot conceive of a writer not breaking down the material he admires in past novelists and reusing it in his own work—and no doubt adding something new, if he's lucky.

SR *You've mentioned how* Great Expectations *unconsciously influenced one of your earlier books,* The Magus.

FOWLES In fact, I don't much like Dickens, but I do adore that book. I like the two mysterious figures, Miss Havisham, the ghostly figure behind the scenes, and Estelle. I like her; there's something strange about her. And I like that Dickens wrote two endings. All his best qualities, for me, are in that one novel, whereas books like *Domby and Son* I'd really have to be locked up in a prison cell to ever want to read again.

SR *There does seem to an ambivalence in* The French Lieutenant's Woman *to the 19th-century novel.*

FOWLES Well, yes. I'd grown up to despise everything Victorian. The Victorians hardly seemed human—just so many automatons and you could only laugh at them. I don't think that anyone who has read fairly widely, as I have, in Victorian literature can believe that anymore. You realize that all you've been hostile to, really, are the superficial social aspects of the time, and that there was some masterly, intellectual work done in that age. You also realize that there was much deeper feeling—they may have had stiff exteriors, but underneath there was very deep feeling flowing. So in a way the book was an act of penitence for having got them wrong.

SR *Is there something in the craft of the 19th-century novel that you wanted to come to terms with?*

FOWLES Well, I don't think that we would beat them on their own ground. But certainly one writer, Flaubert, who's my sort of all-time master in the novel, his influence has always been very strong. *Sentimental Education,* which I think is Flaubert's greatest novel, was the ghost behind my novel, *Daniel Martin.*

Meryl Streep as Sarah Woodruff in the film version of *The French Lieutenant's Woman.*

What I admire in the Victorian novel are the things inside the formal limitations—the way certain things are written about; the quality of mood and feeling; and the author's tone of voice within all that. Thackeray was an absolute master of establishing that voice between the author and the reader, sort of going on behind the actual characters, which is an art we've lost.

SR *Did you try to resurrect it in* The French Lieutenant's Woman*?*

FOWLES I tried to, yes. The voice was very difficult to get. I revised that book endlessly—line by line. It took me seven months to write the first draft, but I spent perhaps two or three years on revisions.

SR *In the introduction to your translation of the* Eliduc [*a medieval romance by the 12th-century authoress Marie de France*] *you say that the story has great personal meaning for you. It contains a theme that runs through all of your novels, that of the "other woman" who represents mystery and romantic love.*

FOWLES I think women do have this quality, this one part of them which is the protectress and the mother and an important element of stability and comfort. And then there is the other half, which I think is more biological and is really opposed to all that; it lures you on, tempts you to danger and risk and seduction and conquest.

SR *And in* The Ebony Tower, *David's choice of wife over mistress is seen as something of a failure.*

FOWLES The last word I give him is "I survived," which is really rather depressing. Of course, the very use of the word "surviving" means you're in a shipwreck situation. He's saying, in a sense, we're imprisoned together on a raft and I'm going to go on surviving with you.

SR *What if he had chosen Diana?*

FOWLES I suggest in the book that he might have become a better artist, but he would have betrayed his moral being. I'm pointing out that being an artist is an appallingly selfish business; the story is really about the problems, the agonies of being an artist. I mean, it's the selfish bastards who are often the finest artists. Though I reject the notion that you *must* be a bastard to be a good artist, I'm aware that I'm a highly selfish, self-centered human being. We had dinner with Philip Roth a year or two ago. He turned to Elizabeth, whom he had just met, and said, "How on earth have you stayed married to this man for 25 years?" Very true. It's something I would never advise any woman to do: Marry a novelist. Every morning my wife has to sit down and see letters that have come in telling me what a great writer I am. That's abominable for another human being to have to endure; it's like being two prisoners in a cell and one prisoner gets all the food parcels.

SR Daniel Martin *seems the first time the protagonist does get the "other woman."*

FOWLES Well, there's a passage much earlier in *Daniel Martin* where I attack the vogue—the cafe society chic—of thinking that serious works of art must end unhappily. This, for me, is a dominant foolishness of our age: that if you're a really serious and profound thinker, you must think this world's the worst. And so you must show your characters

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ending in despair or tragedy or nothingness. I wanted to do the reverse this time, to write a book with a... well, not perfectly happy ending but certainly one that did say life can be happier. Things don't always turn out for the worse.

SR *Didn't it also say that you can find the "other woman" in marriage?*

FOWLES Yes. Though in our age, obviously, any sensible man would marry the young film star.

SR *You're being ironic?*

FOWLES Sensible in terms of the shallow side of contemporary culture. When a woman gets into her forties, obviously, you trade her in and you find something better. A distressing number of readers have written to me and said, "Why didn't you let him have the young girl?" So for them it's a tragic novel. I worked very hard on that final scene between Daniel and the young girl, Jenny. I wanted it to be balanced, not to be without pain. But I'm afraid quite a lot of people seem to see it as almost sadistic on my side.

SR *One might get a slight feeling of that at the ending of* The French Lieutenant's Woman.

FOWLES I may have made a mistake there because of those two endings as I wrote it in the first draft, the last one was the happy ending. But literally everyone—Elizabeth, whose advice I very much value, my agent, my publisher—everyone said you must end on an unhappy ending.

SR *Why?*

FOWLES Because, I think now, looking back, they were equally victims of this late 20th-century convention that the serious ending must be an unhappy ending. But then how do you evaluate happiness? By normal standards, yes, it's unhappy, if you regard happiness as having the woman you love and that kind of thing. I'm not sure that that is really a major definition of happiness. It's a novel about *him* as much as her, despite the title. And in a way Charles has grown, I hope, by the end of the book. That was another thing I'd hoped to show. He'd become a much fuller human being.

SR *Through Sarah's final rejection of him?*

FOWLES Yes, until then he'd been the victim, in a way; not only the victim of her as a deceiving woman, that side of her, but a victim of his society and his age. I think many Victorian men were. They were victims of external conventions, and they hadn't the methods of discourse; they hadn't the philosophies, really, to live as we do now. They didn't have internal dialogues with themselves as we can now because of Freud and all the things that have happened in our century. And I meant to show him also taking a step forward into the 20th century, at the very end of that book, when he walks away. I wanted the film to end with him walking away, and the camera would lift off him and you'd see a jet coming down into Heathrow.

SR *Was Sarah a "deceiving woman"?*

FOWLES That's debatable. I left it open. I deliberately did not tell anyone what was going on in her mind. What I meant was that her condition, the condition of all Victorian women, was so appallingly oppressed that almost any trick to try and get out of it was legitimate. If she deceived him, it was only in repayment for a far worse crime, the universal male crime—exploitation of women.

SR *You don't get inside the minds of your heroines—you didn't with Jane in* Daniel Martin*—but there's a feeling that the men in a sense are making themselves worthy of these women, of the mystery of womanhood.*

FOWLES That's because I see the feminine mind, the anima, in the Jungian sense, as fundamentally subversive and destructive of structures in society which have been created by males. I think it's apparent all through cultural history that when women did in the past get a slightly higher position in society, these are usually the periods of great innovation. With all our faults, this is an extraordinary age for tearing old ideas apart and remodeling the world. These, to me, are very strongly—how shall I put it?—Eve-flavored periods. They're periods when you suddenly feel the underlying, almost unconscious entrance of women everywhere in society. At the root of it, it seems to me, it's women quarreling with the way men see the world, with the paternalistic, rigid, structured society, *machismo* society. I think women are paradoxically the more conservative sex and also the more revolutionary sex. ■

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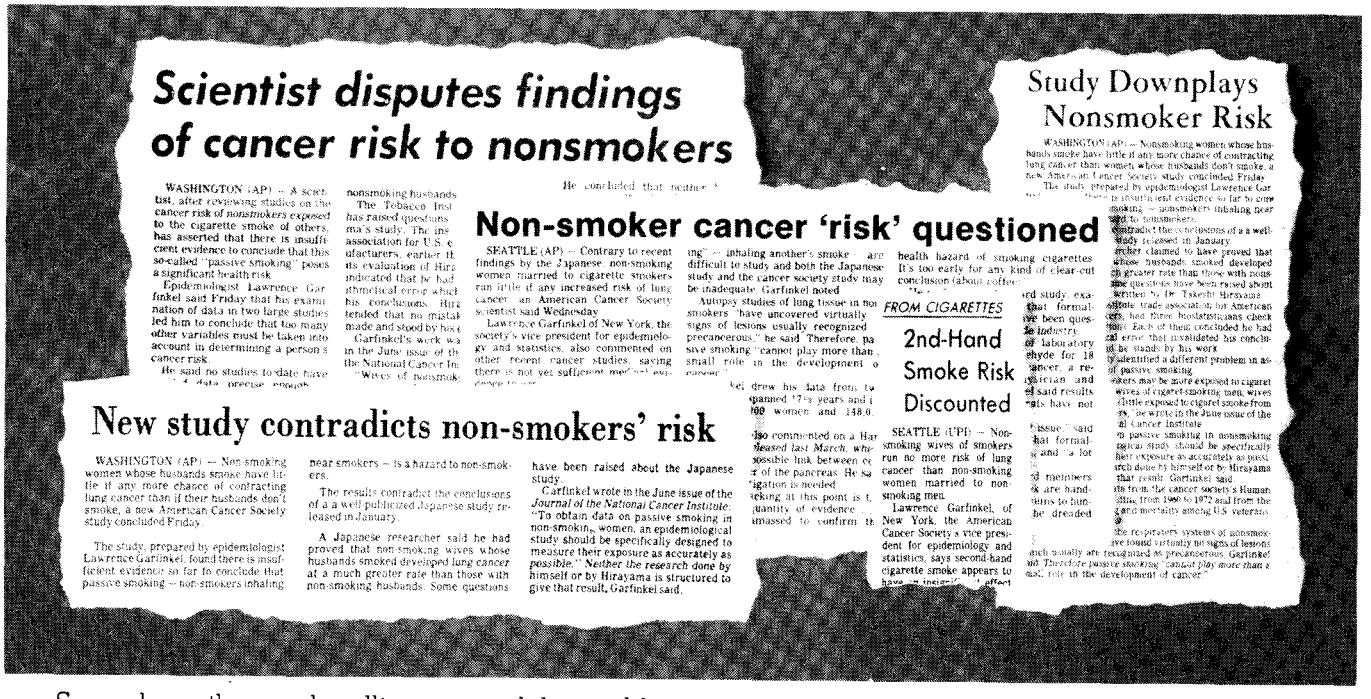

Scientist disputes findings of cancer risk to nonsmokers

WASHINGTON (AP) — A scientist, after reviewing studies on the cancer risk of *nonsmokers exposed* to the cigarette smoke of others, has asserted that there is insufficient evidence to conclude that this so-called "passive smoking" poses a significant health risk.

Epidemiologist Lawrence Garfinkel said Friday that his examination of data in two large studies led him to conclude that too many other variables must be taken into account in determining a person's cancer risk.

He said no studies to date have ... data precise enough ... nonsmoking husbands.

The Tobacco Inst ... has raised questions ... ma's study. The ins ... association for U.S. c ... ufacturers, earlier th ... its evaluation of Hira ... indicated that he had ... athmetical error which ... his conclusions. Hira ... tended that no mistak ... made and stood by his s ...

Garfinkel's work wa ... in the June issue of th ... the National Cancer In ...

"Wives of nonsmok ... ing" — inhaling another's smoke ... are difficult to study and both the Japanese study and the cancer society study may be inadequate, Garfinkel noted.

He concluded that neither ...

Autopsy studies of lung tissue in non ... smokers "have uncovered virtually ... signs of lesions usually recognized ... precancerous," he said. Therefore, pa ... sive smoking "cannot play more than ... small role in the development o ... cancer."

He drew his data from tw ... spanned 17½ years and i ... 100 women and 148,0 ...

Also commented on a Har ... released last March, whic ... possible link between ce ... of the pancreas. He sa ... igation is needed ... seeking at this point is t ... quantity of evidence ... amassed to confirm th ...

Non-smoker cancer 'risk' questioned

SEATTLE (AP) — Contrary to recent findings by the Japanese, non-smoking women married to cigarette smokers run little if any increased risk of lung cancer, an American Cancer Society scientist said Wednesday.

Lawrence Garfinkel of New York, the society's vice president for epidemiology and statistics, also commented on other recent cancer studies, saying there is not yet sufficient medical evi- ... to ...

health hazard of smoking cigarettes. It's too early for any kind of clear-cut conclusion (about coffee) ...

FROM CIGARETTES

2nd-Hand Smoke Risk Discounted

SEATTLE (UPI) — Non-smoking wives of smokers run no more risk of lung cancer than non-smoking women married to non-smoking men.

Lawrence Garfinkel, of New York, the American Cancer Society's vice president for epidemiology and statistics, says second-hand cigarette smoke appears to ...

Study Downplays Nonsmoker Risk

WASHINGTON (AP) — Nonsmoking women whose husbands smoke have little if any more chance of contracting lung cancer than women whose husbands don't smoke, a new American Cancer Society study concluded Friday.

The study, prepared by epidemiologist Lawrence Gar ... "there is insufficient evidence so far to conclu ... smoking — nonsmokers inhaling near ... and to nonsmokers.

Contradicts the conclusions of a well- ... study released in January ... earcher claimed to have proved that ... whose husbands smoked developed ... at a greater rate than those with nons ... Those questions have been raised about ... written by Dr. Takeshi Hirayama ... Japanese trade association for American ... cers, had three biostatisticians check ... ings. Each of them concluded he had ... cal error that invalidated his conclu ... ut he stands by his work ... identified a different problem in as ... of passive smoking ... okers may be more exposed to cigaret ... wives of cigarette-smoking men, wives ... little exposed to cigaret smoke from ... he wrote in the June issue of the ... al Cancer Institute ... o passive smoking in nonsmoking ... gical study should be specifically ... their exposure as accurately as possi ... uch done by himself or by Hirayama ... that result, Garfinkel said ... ith from the cancer society's Human ... dies, from 1960 to 1972 and from the ... and mortality among U.S. veterans ...

... the respiratory systems of nonsmok ... ave found virtually no signs of lesions ... such usually are recognized as precancerous, Garfinkel ... *Therefore passive smoking "cannot play more than a ... small role in the development of cancer."*

New study contradicts non-smokers' risk

WASHINGTON (AP) — Non-smoking women whose husbands smoke have little if any more chance of contracting lung cancer than if their husbands don't smoke, a new American Cancer Society study concluded Friday.

The study, prepared by epidemiologist Lawrence Garfinkel, found there is insufficient evidence so far to conclude that passive smoking — non-smokers inhaling near smokers — is a hazard to non-smokers.

The results contradict the conclusions of a a well-publicized Japanese study released in January.

A Japanese researcher said he had proved that non-smoking wives whose husbands smoked developed lung cancer at a much greater rate than those with non-smoking husbands. Some questions have been raised about the Japanese study.

Garfinkel wrote in the June issue of the *Journal of the National Cancer Institute*: "To obtain data on passive smoking in non-smoking women, an epidemiological study should be specifically designed to measure their exposure as accurately as *possible*." *Neither the research done by* himself or by Hirayama is structured to give that result, Garfinkel said.

Several months ago, headlines around the world trumpeted alarming news. A Japanese study was claiming that non-smoking wives of smokers had a higher risk of lung cancer because of their husbands' tobacco smoke. That scared a lot of people and understandably so, if this claim was the last word.

But now new headlines have appeared. First, because several eminent biostatisticians found an apparent statistical error in the Japanese calculations—raising serious questions about the study.

Second, because Lawrence Garfinkel, the statistical director of the American Cancer Society who is opposed to smoking, published a report covering 17 years and nearly 200,000 people in which he indicated that "second-hand" smoke has insignificant effect on lung cancer rates in nonsmokers.

If you'd like to know more about these developments, write Scientific Division, The Tobacco Institute, 1875 I St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

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A Poet of Stunning Artistry

Sterling A. Brown writes with rich humor and disarmingly simple language. His "Collected Poems" is this year's winner of the Lenore Marshall/Saturday Review Poetry Prize.

BY PHILIP LEVINE

The Lenore Marshall/Saturday Review Poetry Prize, given annually to the outstanding book of poems published in the United States, is sponsored by the New Hope Foundation and administered by SR. *The $5,000 prizewinner for 1980*—The Collected Poems of Sterling A. Brown—*was selected by Philip Levine, Jean Valentine, and Michael Harper.*

To serve as a judge for the Lenore Marshall/Saturday Review Poetry Prize is a shocking experience, especially if one is living away from home, as I was, in a small Manhattan loft, to which mail seldom came. Suddenly great parcels blossomed on my doorstep, delivery men honked me awake from the street below, and three times a week I went to the Canal Street Post Office to gather undeliverably immense packages.

A year's worth of American poetry was suddenly mine, crowding me out of my tiny study. I read on, hoping to keep up with the pace of the arrivals and teetering on the edge of failure. And the books themselves came from Berkeley and Baton Rouge, Austin and New York City, with kindly, penned notes asking for my attention or printed manifestoes daring me to enter.

In spite of the extravagant promises of talent fulfilled or genius rising like steam, in spite of the endorsements, the blurbs, the standard lies embroidering the volumes, in spite of elegant handprinting on imported papers or the blurred mimeographing, passages of real poetry would leap out from the page and alarm me with their beauty or their freshness:

And among the willow trees:
water
before water made up its mind
to be water.

My sister says if I drink
of that water I will die...
That's why the heart beats:
to awaken the water.

Charles Simic, from *Peaceful Kingdom*

When we gathered in my loft after weeks of reading the same books—the three of us, Jean Valentine, Michael Harper, and I, the three wise judges, as Jean had dubbed us—the nature of our accord was startling, which may prove that the three of us are of one mind in spite of the obvious differences of age, sex, race, education, class, and intelligence. Or it may suggest something about the quality or lack of quality of what the three of us had been reading.

The poets who had attracted our attention were Sterling A. Brown, Galway Kinnell, Philip Booth, Robert Dana, Louise Gluck, William Meredith, Mark Strand, Sharon Olds, Charles Simic, Wayne Dodd, Lisel Mueller, Richard Hugo, and Etheridge Knight.

Galway Kinnell's *Mortal Acts, Mortal Words* is a book of enormous daring and eloquence, the most personal and revealing of all his books to date. Once again I found that full, lyric voice which is only his and is for me the richest voice to be found in our poetry. Again and again in these poems he asks his language to transfigure our common experience, and the wonder is that it does. He writes of his mother five years gone into the earth:

Every so often when I look
at the dark sky, I know she remains
among the old endless blue lightedness
of stars; or finding myself out in a field
in November, when a strange
starry first snowflake blows
down across the darkening air, lightly,
I know she is there, where snow
falls flakes down fragile softly
falling until I can't see the world
any longer, only its stilled shape.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 47

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Brown: From ballad forms to free verse.

Philip Levine's *Ashes* and *Seven Years From Somewhere* won the 1979 National Book Critics Award for Poetry, and *Ashes* also won the first American Book Award in Poetry. His new book of poems, *One for the Rose*, will be published by Atheneum in November.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

Remembering Nat Turner

(For R.C.L.)

We saw a bloody sunset over Courtland, once Jerusalem,
As we followed the trail that old Nat took
When he came out of Cross Keys down upon Jerusalem,
In his angry stab for freedom a hundred years ago.
The land was quiet, and the mist was rising,
Out of the woods and the Nottaway swamp,
Over Southampton the still night fell,
As we rode down to Cross Keys where the march began.

When we got to Cross Keys, they could tell us little of him,
The Negroes had only the faintest recollections:
"I ain't been here so long, I come from up roun' Newsome;
Yassah, a town a few miles up de road,
The old folks who coulda told you is all dead an' gone.
I heard something, sometime; I doan jis remember what.
'Pears lak I heard that name somewheres or other.
So he fought to be free. Well. You doan say."

An old white woman recalled exactly
How Nat crept down the steps, axe in his hand,
After murdering a woman and child in bed,
"Right in this here house at the head of these stairs"
(In a house built long after Nat was dead).
She pointed to a brick store where Nat was captured,
(Nat was taken in the swamp, three miles away)
With his men around him, shooting from the windows
(She was thinking of Harpers Ferry and old John Brown).
She cackled as she told how they riddled Nat with bullets
(Nat was tried and hanged at Courtland, ten miles away).
She wanted to know why folks would comes miles
Just to ask about an old nigger fool.

"Ain't no slavery no more, things is going all right,
Pervided thar's a good goober market this year.
We had a sign post here with printing on it,
But it rotted in the hole, and thar it lays,
And the nigger tenants split the marker for kindling.
Things is all right, now, ain't no trouble with the niggers
Why they make this big to-do over Nat?"

As we drove from Cross Keys back to Courtland,
Along the way that Nat came down upon Jerusalem,
A watery moon was high in the cloud-filled heavens,
The same moon he dreaded a hundred years ago.
The tree they hanged Nat on is long gone to ashes,
The trees he dodged behind have rotted in the swamps.

The bus for Miami and the trucks boomed by,
And touring cars, their heavy tires snarling on the pavement.
Frogs piped in the marshes, and a hound bayed long,
And yellow lights glowed from the cabin windows.

As we came back the way that Nat led his army,
Down from Cross Keys, down to Jerusalem,
We wondered if his troubled spirit still roamed the Nottaway,
Or if it fled with the cock-crow at daylight,
Or lay at peace with the bones in Jerusalem,
Its restlessness stifled by Southampton clay.

We remembered the poster rotted through and falling,
The marker split for kindling a kitchen fire.

Copyright ©1980 by Sterling A. Brown

I believe that it saddened all three of us not to be able to award *something* to Kinnell, but we felt compelled to choose Sterling A. Brown.

The Collected Poems of Sterling A. Brown is a great book of poems, stunning in its artistry and gigantic in its vision. Brown has been able to capture the daily reality and the mythic dimensions of a people who until these poems were made had not entered our poetry, and he has done it with clarity, economy, and tact. His voice is so large and authentic it is capable of containing not only the extraordinary variety of American black voices but those of Northern and Southern whites as well.

Educated at Williams and Harvard, Brown, 80, has been a professor of English at Howard University for 50 years. In his poems he has dared to do that which we have been told cannot be done, to write in American dialects when it suited his purposes. He has dared it and done it exquisitely. His command of poetic forms is wide and sure; he is equally at home in traditional measures, blues and ballad forms, and free verse.

He thinks with the winter
His troubles are gone;
Ten acres unplanted
To raise dreams on.

The lean months are done with,
The fat to come.
His hopes, winter wanderers,
Hasten home.

"Butterbeans fo' Clara
Sugar beans fo' Grace
An' fo' de little feller
Runnin' space..."

The Collected Poems is an epic of a great people, an epic scattered across dozens of songs, narratives, and quiet meditations. His people's history, their lore, their courage, their heroes and heroines, their struggles, victories, losses, the faiths that sustained them, the lies they laughed at, the private dignity and the public outrages, they are all here in a disarmingly simple language that goes on resonating long after one has put the book aside. There is so much rich humor and wide charity in these poems that I found myself going back to them week after week to restore my faith in the value of literature.

In one of my favorites, a poem to Ma Rainey, a man who has seen and heard her describes to an anonymous searcher the magic of her singing and her presence:

"An' den de folks, dey natchally bowed
dey heads an' cried,
Bowed dey heavy heads, shet dey moufs
up tight an' cried,
An Ma lef' de stage, an' followed some
de folks outside."

Dere wasn't much more de fellow say:
She jes' gits hold of us dataway.

He could have been describing the poetry of Sterling A. Brown. ■

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Hollywood Comes Out of the Closet

For decades, actors and filmmakers resisted homosexual topics. Now, half a dozen movies aimed at general audiences are breaking the taboo.

BY STEPHEN FARBER

A film crew has invaded the Spike, a tough leather bar in the gay ghetto of West Hollywood. The extras recruited for the scene are the real customers at the bar, eager for the chance to be immortalized on celluloid. Before the scene is shot, a surly Hells Angels-type shouts, "What's this movie about?" The assistant director gives a brief summary of the story: It's about a doctor who is happily married, except for one small hitch; he can no longer deny his homosexual desires. "And how does it end?" the dissatisfied renegade persists. "He leaves his wife for another man," the assistant director explains. The whole place erupts in applause.

Does this sound like a low-budget production made to be shown in "all-male" cinemas along New York City's 42nd Street? Actually, the movie being shot at the Spike is *Making Love*, a $9-million film financed by 20th Century-Fox, directed by Arthur Hiller (*Love Story*, *The In-Laws*) and starring Michael Ontkean as the doctor who leaves his TV executive wife, Kate Jackson, for writer Harry Hamlin.

The more startling news is that *Making Love* is not an isolated case. It's one of half a dozen films about homosexuality that Hollywood producers are developing—often with major stars—for the general public. A sample:

- *Partners* is a $6-million Paramount comedy starring Ryan O'Neal and John Hurt as a straight and gay cop who pose as a gay couple in order to trap a killer preying on homosexuals in West Hollywood.
- *Personal Best*, the first directorial effort of Academy Award-winning screenwriter Robert Towne (*Chinatown*, *Shampoo*), deals with the sexual relationship of two women athletes (one of them played by Mariel Hemingway, Woody Allen's girl friend in *Manhattan*); Warner Bros. will release the $10-million movie in February.
- *Deathtrap*, also to be released by Warner Bros., is the film version of Ira Levin's suspense play. Michael Caine and Christopher Reeve play lovers and co-conspirators under the direction of Sidney Lumet (*Prince of the City*, *Dog Day Afternoon*).
- Edward Anhalt, the Academy Award-winning screenwriter of *Becket*, has just written a screenplay (co-authored with his wife, Camilla Carr) based on a novel called *Splendora*, about the love affair of a Baptist minister and a transvestite in New Orleans. The Anhalts are now looking for a director and trying to arrange the financing.
- Richard Roth, the producer of *Julia*, hopes to make a movie of *Dress Gray*, adapted from the novel about a homosexual murder at West Point; he has a completed script by Gore Vidal and is currently offering it to the studios. Roth is also developing a project with screenwriter Alvin Sargent (*Julia*, *Ordinary People*) and director Costa-Gavras (*Z*) about a bisexual *ménage à trois*—two women and a man who join the American expatriates in Paris in 1925.

Hollywood has never been known for taking such risks, so it's surprising to find even five or six movies on a controversial subject spilling out of the dream factory—particularly after the recent box-office failure of *Cruising*. This assault on conventional mores is especially surprising in the era of Ronald Reagan and Moral Majority. Yet the studios are gambling that these films about homosexuality can capture the attention of an increasingly fickle moviegoing public.

Before 1961 there was no overt homosexuality in American movies; the Production Code, Hollywood's censorship ordinance, forbade any hint of "sex perversion." When the code was finally revised to allow discreet treatment of homosexuality, the first movies on the subject—*Advise and Consent* and *The Children's Hour*—depicted gays as repressed and miserably unhappy. That was the image that persisted in most of the films about homosexuality during the 1960s and 1970s. Only a couple of trail-blazing movies—*Sunday, Bloody Sunday* and *Dog Day Afternoon*—challenged stereotypes with more complex, full-blooded portraits of gay characters. Aside from those films, most of the breakthroughs in media images of homosexuality have been on television, in regular series and in TV movies like *That Certain Summer* (Hal Holbrook and Martin Sheen) and *A Question of Love* (Gena Rowlands and Jane Alexander).

Lately, homosexual characters have appeared with more frequency in mainstream movies (such as *California Suite*, *10*, and *Only When I Laugh*), though they were usually subsidiary characters and homosexuality was not the main subject of the film. Until this year, most filmmakers were unwilling to suggest that their heroes might have homosexual impulses. In bringing *Midnight Express* to the screen, the filmmakers refused to

Stephen Farber, the former film critic for *New West* magazine, has written about movies in many national publications.

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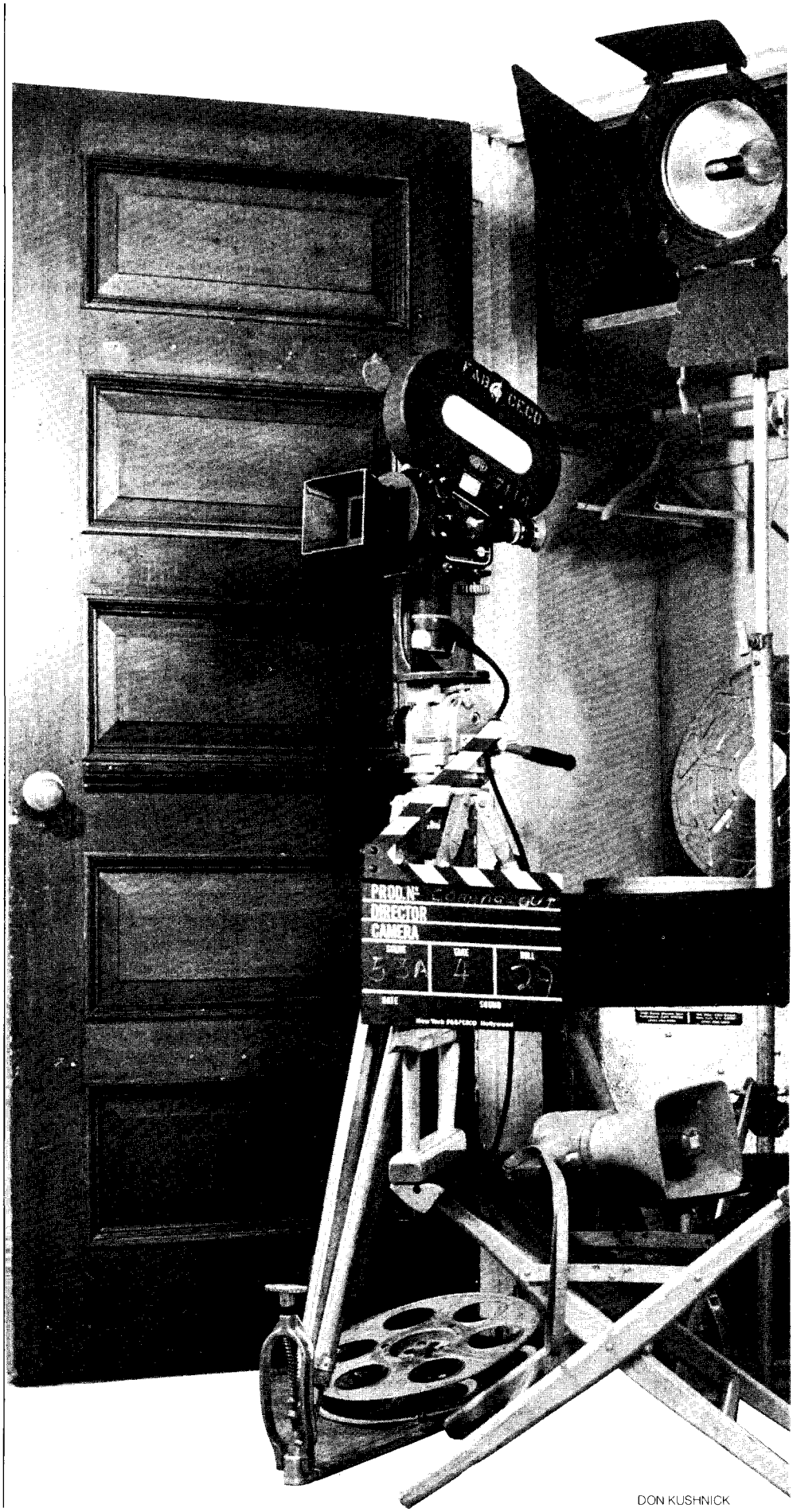
include Billy Hayes's affair with a fellow inmate in a Turkish prison. And in *Heart Beat* the homosexual tendencies of Jack Kerouac and Neal Cassady were hastily glossed over. Most projects that centered on homosexuality never got off the ground. For years Paul Newman tried unsuccessfully to finance *The Front Runner*, the story of a love affair between a track coach and his star athlete.

Why, then, after a long period of hesitation and fear, is Hollywood bringing homosexuality out of the closet? It's revealing that most of the filmmakers and studio executives involved with these projects insist that they are *not* making films about homosexuality. "In our minds we are not doing a homosexual movie," says 20th Century-Fox president Sherry Lansing when asked about *Making Love*. "That isn't what the movie's about at all. It's the story about a woman's loss. If you've ever been in a relationship that didn't work out, you can respond to this movie. I see it as having a strong appeal to women." The producer of *Partners*, Aaron Russo, has refused to talk to any journalist doing a story on homosexuality in movies because he does not want his movie placed in that category. A Paramount spokesman says, "This movie is not *about* homosexuality. It's a farce—*The Odd Couple* on Christopher Street."

This evasiveness is nothing new in Hollywood. Writing about earlier films on homosexuality in his book *The Celluloid Closet*, Vito Russo says, "Producers, directors, writers, and actors talked constantly about how certain films were 'not really' about homosexuality but were about loneliness or human relationships or anything that was universal enough to quash the identification with homosexual subject matter." On the one hand, producers want to be congratulated for their audacity. On the other, they are frightened by their own boldness and want to do everything possible to defuse the controversy.

Of course, it's true that these movies have other elements besides homosexuality. Robert Towne, the writer-director of *Personal Best*, makes a valid point when he argues against "the insane, warping emphasis on sex. Any time that sexuality is dealt with in films, that becomes the whole movie—particularly in films about homosexuality. Don't homosexuals go to work? In the old movies with Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy, they may have had affairs with Myrna Loy, but most of the time they were out digging oil wells. Today's movies never seem to incorporate sexuality into a total life.



DON KUSHNICK

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In *Personal Best* the women run and jump and leap; that is the center of their lives."

Nevertheless, to deny that these movies are concerned with homosexuality is also a distortion. The people who are willing to address the issues cite a few reasons for Hollywood's current flirtation with homosexual themes. One explanation that recurs is the popularity of *La Cage aux Folles*, the French comedy set in a transvestite nightclub that has become the most successful foreign film ever to play in this country. Edward Anhalt says that he was encouraged by the success of *La Cage aux Folles* to buy the rights to *Splendora*, which also focuses on a transvestite hero. *Partners* even has a screenplay by Francis Veber, who also wrote *La Cage aux Folles*.

In addition, producers are more aware of the homosexual audience than they were a few years ago. "The estimates I've seen say that 10 to 15 percent of the population in America is homosexual," says screenwriter Robert Towne. "We're talking about 35 or 40 million homosexuals. If they hear a film is interesting, you're going to get them to see it—not just a small percentage but at least half of them. You're talking about $100 million at the box office, $70 million in rentals."

Towne also feels that homosexuality offers a strong dramatic hook to draw people into the theaters. "All that homosexual love does in film," he suggests, "is allow us to be a little more dramatic. It gives us a taboo that we badly need for the sake of drama. If everything is permitted as it is today in heterosexual movies, how do you reinvest the notion of love with a real danger of losing yourself in a *folie à deux*? That was the quality that *Wuthering Heights* once had. The only way you can suggest that same kind of danger today is in a homosexual relationship."

Although these larger reasons may help to explain why there is a wave of films about homosexuality, it's also true that each of these projects was launched by a specific combination of circumstances. *Making Love*, for example, is a very personal script by Barry Sandler, who admits that much of this homosexual story comes from his own experience. The story was suggested to him by A. Scott Berg, the author of an award-winning biography of Maxwell Perkins. "I was undergoing a period of reevaluation in terms of my career," Sandler recalls. "The projects I had been associated with had been glossy entertainments that weren't gratifying to me as a writer. Scott suggested that I explore the gay sensibility. I resisted it at first. But I finally decided that if I was every going to reach any kind of potential as a writer, I really had to be willing to take those risks and open myself up."

After Sandler decided to write the script, a deal was quickly made. Scott Berg had gone to Princeton with Claire Townsend, a vice-president at Fox. He took the project to her, and she responded favorably. Townsend had a strong personal and professional relationship with Daniel Melnick, the producer of *All That Jazz* and *Altered States*. Melnick agreed to produce. He in turn had a similar relationship with Sherry Lansing, the president of Fox. So all those personal connections clearly had a lot to do with the evolution of *Making Love*. "The fact that Claire and Sherry were so supportive really got the picture made," says Barry Sandler. "A male executive would probably not have been as supportive for the simple reason that some people might have called his own sexuality into question. This kind of story is less threatening to a woman."

Ryan O'Neal (left) and John Hurt star as a straight and a gay cop in *Partners*.

Sandler has been very open about discussing his own homosexuality. Does he fear that the film and the publicity surrounding it will typecast him as an exclusively gay writer? "Not at all. If the film works, it will be because I've portrayed the male-female relationship as incisively as the male-male. So no one will say I can only write homosexual relationships. I suppose it's true that people might not hire me to write a Burt Reynolds comedy, but I probably wouldn't want to write that anyway."

The fear of typecasting also worries actors, and the biggest problem with *Making Love* was finding actors who were willing to play gay characters. Among the actors who reportedly turned down the lead were William Hurt, Harrison Ford, Michael Douglas, Peter Strauss, and Tom Berenger. Daniel Melnick will not discuss individual actor's reactions to the script, but he says, "A couple of actors said bluntly that they did not want to play a homosexual. One actor said if he had a big action-adventure hit out at the moment, he might consider doing it. Michael Ontkean was reluctant at first. He was concerned that people would identify him with the role. I asked him if he would have that concern if he were playing the young Hitler or the Boston Strangler. He said no. So I said, 'You would play a mass murderer but not a homosexual?' He felt that was a persuasive argument."

Ontkean has refused to talk to the press about the film, but Harry Hamlin, who plays Ontkean's lover, seems more relaxed about discussing his role. The star of *Movie Movie*, *Clash of the Titans*, and the TV mini-series *Studs Lonigan*, Hamlin is married to actress Ursula Andress. "Some people warned me that this movie would hurt my career," he admits. "But these are people who have narrow ideas of what actors should do. I liked the script, which I thought was honest. There's androgyny in all of us, and there's no reason to assume that a gay person would respond any differently to a romantic relationship than a straight person. It's very easy to find myself in the character. The only difference between us is that he likes boys and I like girls."

Gay-activist groups, which have been increasingly vocal in protesting TV shows and movies that stereotype homosexuals, have endorsed *Making Love*. Newton Dieter, head of the Gay Media Task Force, admitted that the script was romantic and sentimental but felt the sympathetic treatment of homosexuality made for a welcome change. He told the *Los Angeles Times*, "Critics will probably react in much the same way as they reacted to Sidney Poitier being portrayed as a Nobel Prize-winning scientist in *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*. Sure, it's overcompensation. But it's valid overcompensation."

By contrast, *Partners* promises to be more controversial to gay groups. They were not consulted during the making of the movie, though a group called the Alliance of Gay Artists recently got hold of the script and denounced the project. Justin Smith, speaking for the

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Alliance, objected to the stereotypical qualities of the effeminate homosexual played by John Hurt. But Larry Mark, vice-president in charge of marketing for Paramount, replies: "This film walks a very fine line, and we won't really know how it turns out until we see the finished film. Frankly, it could be offensive. But it could also be affectionate and funny in the style of *La Cage aux Folles*. John Hurt is a good actor; I don't think he'll go off the deep end."

Robert Towne also steered clear of gay pressure groups while he was making *Personal Best*. "Whether it's gay activists, the Anti-Defamation League, the Sons of Italy, or some patriotic group," he says, "I feel those groups do themselves a disservice when they protest movies. They're dogmatic and doctrinaire. Their tendency is to whitewash themselves when, in fact, the most sympathetic thing is a representation of reality."

Towne may be criticized by some gay activists when his movie is released, simply because Mariel Hemingway breaks off her lesbian liaison and ends up with a man. Towne was aware of possible criticism, but he defends the film: "For some people, experimenting with homosexuality is a phase; for some people it is not a phase. In the film one girl discovers that her sexual preference is more in that direction; for the other girl that is not the case."

Personal Best was written and shot before Billie Jean King went public about her lesbian experiences, but that incident has certainly heightened public awareness of homosexuality in athletics. Towne insists that his purpose in the movie is to challenge sexual labeling and stereotyping. "This publicity with Billie Jean is deeply offensive to me," he says. "It's a gross simplification to label her as a lesbian. Look at what the woman has done with her life. What an insult to see her defined even remotely by her sexual experiences."

Gay activists can make trouble for these movies, as they did when they protested *Cruising*, but a bigger threat could come from the other end of the political spectrum. Television programming has already been affected by right-wing pressure groups. ABC dropped a prospective sitcom called *Adam and Yves* (inspired by *La Cage aux Folles*) when the network received more than 100,000 letters of protest, most of them generated by the American Christian Cause. NBC is planning a fall series called *Love, Sidney*, with Tony Randall playing a middle-aged homosexual who befriends an unmarried woman and her child; but the explicit references to the Randall character's sexual orientation have been dropped from the show as a result of pressure from the Reverend Donald Wildmon and the National Federation for Decency.

So far these groups have not been as vehement in monitoring movies as in policing television. Producer Daniel Melnick says he has received "a mild amount of hate mail, the stuff that begins, 'You fag-loving Red....' But it hasn't been much more than I ordinarily get on any film. I would rather find ways of marketing this movie without help from narrow-minded minority groups. But if I have to use them to promote the movie, I will."

Screenwriter Sandler is more forthright in baiting the bluenoses. "My feeling is that this kind of controversy generates publicity for the picture," he contends. "When I was a kid, the first movies I wanted to see were the movies I was told I couldn't see—things like *Baby Doll* or *The Bad Seed*. I hope groups come out and say *Making Love* is a sacrilegious movie and the devil will curse you if you go to see it. I don't fear that kind of reaction; I hope for it."

But Sandler is cautious in appraising the marketplace. "I don't know whether the world's ready for our movie," he comments. "People can go to *La Cage aux Folles* and respond to it because it's not threatening. It's perpetuating the stereotype that everybody feels comfortable with. The characters in that film are clowns; they're grotesques. I don't know what will happen when you see a movie where you're saying a homosexual can be your brother or your doctor or your best friend or your husband or your son."

In the next few months these filmmakers will know whether their gamble has paid off. Arthur Hiller, the director of *Making Love*, seems to have the most philosophical attitude: "When I made *Love Story*, I thought it was a nice little movie. I never dreamed it would be such a smash hit. On the other hand, when I did *Man of La Mancha*, I thought it was going to be a huge success. It was a disaster. So you never really know how the public is going to respond. I suspect that *Making Love* will have a fairly broad appeal. It's really an old-fashioned love story in that it's about a boy and girl who love each other, but something comes between them. All that's new is what comes between them."

Obviously he is hoping that, this year, gay means never having to say you're sorry. ■

Agnes de Mille

Jack Mitchell

On May 15, 1975, just hours before she was to go on stage, Agnes de Mille suffered a massive stroke which, doctors told her husband, was "fatal." Four years later, she was back in triumph on that same stage. She tells the full story in REPRIEVE, and *"like the work for which she is famous, Agnes de Mille's book is full of movement, grace, and the warmth of human spirit. It has a soaring quality—and it is nice to be carried on her wings."*—NORMAN COUSINS, author of *Anatomy of an Illness*. *"An inspiring chronicle of courage."—Publishers Weekly.*

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Walter Terry

A Grand High, a New Low

When the **Tchaikovsky Festival**, a celebration comprising more than 20 ballets set to the Russian romantic's music, was presented by the New York City Ballet last summer at Lincoln Center, it attracted balletomanes, dance reporters, and music lovers from all over the world. At the festival's finale, a stunned audience sat silently as the curtain fell on the disturbing but mesmeric "Adagio Lamentoso"—the fourth and final movement of *Symphony No. 6* (the *Pathétique*)—a danced dirge created by the master choreographer, George Balanchine.

Perfection: Melinda Roy (left), Ib Anderson, and Antonia Franceschi dance in Jerome Robbins's *Piano Pieces*.

Balanchine had announced that the *Symphony No. 6*, a collaboration with Jerome Robbins (who choreographed the second movement), would be given only this one performance. He fortunately changed his mind, and it was seen again in the subsequent repertory period. Indeed, the festival has not really ended, for several of the Tchaikovsky Festival hits will move into the permanent repertory, and some of these will be seen during the troupe's winter season—November 17 through February 21—in New York City.

High on the list of these new creations —let us put it at the very top—is Robbins's newest creation, *Piano Pieces*, inspired by short and enchanting compositions spanning Tchaikovsky's career from Opus 1 to Opus 72. The impeccable musicality, the mirroring of tonal colorings in muscle responses that characterize Robbins's absolutely marvelous *Dances at a Gathering* (to music by Chopin) are again present in full measure; but for the new *Piano Pieces*, he has introduced elements of pacing and timing (they are not the same thing) that give the whole a zesty show-biz air. As short as these dozen-plus dances are, the choreographer establishes in each a clearly defined character (or characters), presents us with mood or incident and, with one swift step or gesture, evokes a chuckle, a contented sigh, or a shout of approval. Perfect ballets are rare. There were two at the Tchaikovsky Festival. One is certainly Balanchine's *Serenade* (Serenade for Strings in C Major), his first made-in-America choreography (1934). *Piano Pieces* is another.

In addition to Balanchine and Robbins, festival choreographers included John Taras, who made his choreographic debut back in 1945; Jacques d'Amboise, the company's veteran *premier danseur* and an occasional maker of dances since the mid-1960s; Peter Martins, at 35 the troupe's male star and a comparative newcomer to choreography; and the very young Joseph Duell, a choreographic beginner. Of this quartet, Martins was easily the winner with *Symphony No. 1* and *Capriccio Italien.*

Critics have noted that Martins's choreographic approach owes something to the Balanchine style. It does, but only in terms of choreographic structure. This highly gifted young choreographer demonstrated his originality just a few seasons ago with his first creation, *Calcium Light Night* (to music of Charles Ives), a piece threaded through with Danish humor and delightful kinetic surprises. In *Capriccio Italien*, Martins shows his Danish heritage—he is a product of the Royal Danish Ballet—in quite a different way, juxtaposing and interweaving classical ballet steps with movements derived from Italian folk dances. The mingling of *ballet d'école* elegance and lyricism with the energy and lilt of peasant dancing reveals Martin's descent from Denmark's master choreographer of the last century, August Bournonville, whose signature ballet, *Napoli*, is the model for such choreographic concepts.

The Tchaikovsky Festival included not only new works by these six choreographers but also repertory staples such as *Swan Lake* (Act II), *Piano Concerto No. 2* (formerly known as *Ballet Imperial)* and, of course, the beloved *Serenade*. This trio of Balanchine ballets spans close to 50 years, but the master's creativity continues apace. The new contributions included not only the darkness of the closing movement of the *Symphony No. 6* but also the sunlight of *Tempo di Valse*, which turned out to be Balanchine's conception of *The Sleeping Beauty*'s "Garland Dance," a popular dance that once knocked 'em dead in vaudeville.

Certainly, *Tempo di Valse* will enter the company's permanent repertory just as *Piano Pieces*, *Capriccio Italien*, and a few other fruits of the festival are destined to do. But what of the "Adagio Lamentoso" from *Symphony No. 6*? Should it be preserved or was it a *pièce d'occasion*, a continuing lament on the death of Tchaikovsky himself, or an elegy for all great artists who have died and will die? Whatever the final choices may be, it is clear that this festival—and the Stravinsky and Ravel festivals which preceded it—served not merely to stimulate box-office and

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subscription sales but, more importantly, to enrich immeasurably one of the great ballet companies of our time.

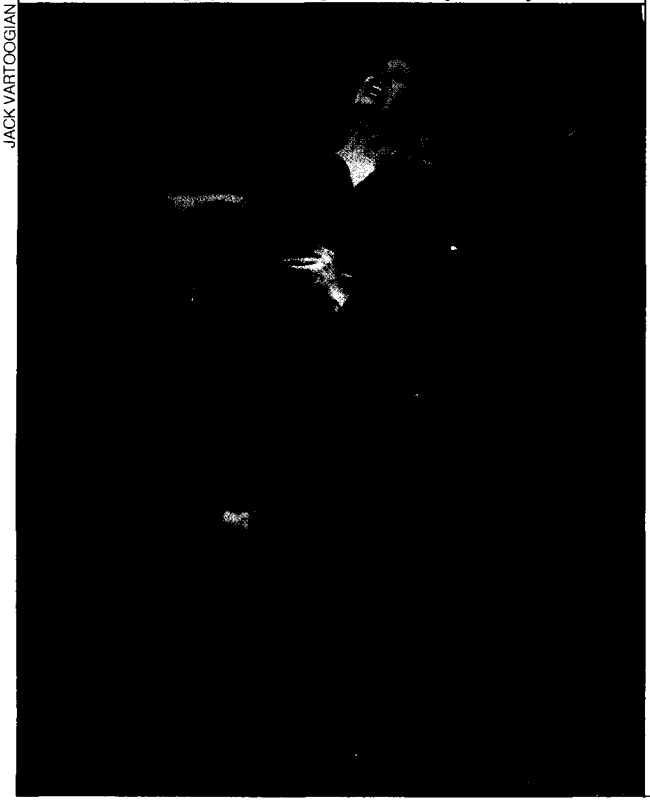
One of the troubles—and there are many—with Britain's **Royal Ballet** is its choreography. The famous troupe, which has been celebrating its 50th birthday this year, is noted for its careful, definitive, and stylish stagings of the great ballet classics, such as *The Sleeping Beauty* and *Swan Lake*, and for the contemporary masterpieces of Sir Frederick Ashton, one of the great choreographers of this century. However, the 77-year-old Sir Frederick, though by no means retired, no longer serves as the Royal's principal choreographer. That post is now held by Kenneth MacMillan, best known for his choreographic setting of the Prokofiev *Romeo and Juliet*. He has been far less successful with other full-length ballets, and the most appalling of the lot, *Isadora*, in two interminable and tasteless acts, was seen during the company's summer engagement at New York's Metropolitan Opera House.

Americans might well be offended by MacMillan's treatment of our own Isadora Duncan, a prime mover in 20th-century dance. Duncan was the mother of three children who died tragically. MacMillan's dance-biography has replaced tragedy with travesty. Nowhere, in his continuing fascination with her sex life (including a lesbian assault), her drinking, and her political militancy, does he attempt to reveal the great dance innovator, the artist, the visionary. *Isadora* employed two figures: a dancer as Isadora and an actress who spoke from the writings of Isadora herself. It would have been better for all concerned if the actress, the accomplished Mary Miller, had stood on stage alone and read aloud. MacMillan's choreography was not only an insult to Isadora but, worse, an affront to the audience.

MARTHA SWOPE

Danish heritage: Peter Martins shows his roots with Bournonville-like *Capriccio Italien*, danced at the recent Tchaikovsky Festival by students of the School of American Ballet.

Hitting bottom: Mary Miller in Kenneth MacMillan's dance-biography, *Isadora*, performed by the Royal Ballet.



JACK VARTOOGIAN

The Royal Ballet's visit disclosed other lacks. Its performances of the classics, though stylistically proper, seemed perfunctory. We cannot always have a Margot Fonteyn, as the British troupe did when it made its American debut in 1949, nor can it recreate the charismatic era of the Fonteyn-Rudolf Nureyev partnership that illuminated the 1960s, but the Royal Ballet need not be so perseveringly pedestrian. There were, of course, lovely moments such as the dancing of England's golden *danseur noble*, Anthony Dowell; an exquisite Princess Florine by Merle Park in the Bluebird pas de deux in *The Sleeping Beauty*; a radiant appearance by the semi-retired Antoinette Sibley in the acting role of Ophelia in Sir Robert Helpmann's *Hamlet*.

But one looked in vain for newcomers with sparkle, radiance, and personality, not only among the principals but also among the rising soloists. There were bright moments, of course, and agreeable performers such as Lesley Collier (a pretty Aurora), Wayne Eagling (technically strong), Stephen Jefferies (a handsome prince), Monica Mason (a fine actress-dancer)—but vitality was missing, even in the Ashton masterworks. Is there something wrong these days with training methods at the Royal Ballet School under the direction of Norman Morrice? Where is the inspiration that characterized Sir Frederick's years in the directorial post?

Perhaps a clue to the Royal Ballet's blandness was supplied by the staff of the Ballet Shop near Lincoln Center: "Not one of the company," said an employee, "came in here to browse, except for Dame Ninette." (Ninette de Valois founded the company as the Vic-Wells Ballet half a century ago.) Another employee asked a Royal dancer why no one from the troupe visited the shop. The answer: "Oh, we don't have the time. It's our job to keep our bodies in perfect shape." The speaker, who obviously does not read, could not possibly have come across this command: "It is imperative for dancers to divide their time and studies between the mind and the body, and that both become the object of their application; but, unfortunately, all is given to the latter and nothing to the former.... Since intelligence and taste do not reside in the feet, one often goes astray." This admonition is as pertinent today as it was when written in 1760 by the great ballet reformer, Jean Georges Noverre. ■

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Irving Kolodin

Voices From Canada

Americans as well as Canadians are properly proud of the border between their countries, which is as free as the air above it. But it takes only a brief time to discover that custom, if not Customs, blocks the flow of cultural interchange, including much of the serious music produced in both nations.

Some of Canada's music came to my attention recently when a 30th anniversary celebration of the founding of the League of Canadian Composers took me to the University of Windsor. Among the events was a concert performed by the National Arts Centre Orchestra, from Ottawa, Ontario, under its music director, Mario Bernardi.

To say that the results were stimulating is to echo what musicians often point out: There are all too many composers of quality little known outside their own countries. Take the violin concerto by Talivaldis Kenins, born in Latvia, who was in his thirties in 1951 when he settled in Canada where he now teaches at the University of Toronto. A songful, beautifully formulated work, Kenins's concerto received a performance of truly international quality from Toronto-based violinist Steven Staryk. Staryk's name is well known from numerous recordings and an international career.

The final work of the evening, by R. Murray Schafer, regarded as one of Canada's most able composers, is uncommon in thought as well as execution. Titled *Adieu Robert Schumann*, it digresses from variations on and outright quotations from Schumann's music; and by use of a vocalist singing material derived from the diaries of the composer's famous, piano-playing wife, Clara, it evokes the agonies and uncertainties of the great man's final days, spent at a mental institution. Schafer's treatment of Schumann's final song, "Die Angesicht," was beautifully delivered by mezzo Janice Taylor. *Adieu* would make a fine recording.

At another concert on the following night, a startling choral piece whose text is derived from *The Diary of Anne Frank* titled *Who Has Allowed Us to Suffer?* acquainted me with the gifts of Oskar Morawetz, a composer born in Czechoslovakia but long a resident of Toronto. Expressively set forth, it was superbly performed by the Elmer Iseler Singers, a chamber group whose director also heads the celebrated Toronto Mendelssohn Choir. Iseler's stunningly trained ensemble of about two dozen singers also deserved high marks for its performance of *Five Limericks* (based on texts of Edward Lear) by Kelsey Jones, an American now attached to Montreal's McGill University.

All of these encounters brought back memories of a visit last fall to the ever-growing University of Calgary in Alberta. During a weekend program, composers included men who had migrated from Czechoslovakia, Austria, and America. Such an alien input can, it may be hoped, profit Canada's music as much as America's from similar migrants—Gershvin, Menini, Hovhaness, et al. If one wonders why men of France are not included, the clear fact is that Canada abounds with its own French-speaking men *and* women. One of the latter is the highly talented Micheline Coulombe Saint-Marcoux whose inventively scored, highly imaginative *Luminance* had a distinction of its own. This came through from the performance by the Calgary Philharmonic under conductor Arpad Joo.

Too many fine composers aren't known outside their own countries.

The future promise of "new" Canadian music was proven as the University at Windsor convocation ran down. Attention was focused on Fusion 5, a quintet of young musicians whose hanging, standing, suspended percussion also included the more decorous piano, xylophone, and marimba.

The performers in Fusion 5 include both players and composers who, unlike the well-known Percussion Strasbourg, are devoted more to the music-making potential of their instruments than to mere decibel output. As a result, there was both variety of style and diversity of execution in the outcome. Included were Alan Rae's sonorously special *Kiwani Owapi*, whose title, "Awakening of Earth" (translated from the Dakotah Indian language), is suggested by the sounds of clarinet, duo-pianos, and percussion; *Nautilus* by Barry Truax, which brings a solo percussionist together with four computerized sound tracks: and *Kinesis* by Alan Bell, which suggests spirit and movement through an effective blend of narrator, two pianists, and two percussionists.

Father-figure to the young generation represented in Fusion 5 is John Weinzweig, whose *Around the Stage in Twenty-five Minutes During Which a Variety of Instruments Are Struck* poses an extended challenge to a single performer on almost all the instruments in sight. It sets forth a startling but musically motivated succession of swishings, chirpings, purrings, floatings, chimings, boomings, and drummed pulsations to a totally disciplined, imaginative outcome.

Sometimes the gifted player, Judith Murray, trained at Indiana University's School of Music, engaged in a veritable choreography of body movement to bring the "voices" to their full interplay. This is part of the composer's purposefully theatrical intent. This work deserves to be seen and heard elsewhere.

A cross-border conference and confrontation could do much to broaden appreciation among audiences and expand resources for the highly creative musicians on both sides of the border. ■

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THEATER

Stanley Kauffmann

Shaw: Indestructible, Inexhaustible

It's happened again. For the umpty-seventh time I've left a performance—really a three-hour brutalization—of a wonderful play by Bernard Shaw hearing people mutter that it was "talky." In fact, the only reason that the audience was able to endure it at all was that Shaw's genius made itself at least partially felt even through the bungling. To cap the irony, that hardy genius then induced some critics to rave about the very performance that had inadvertently tried to strangle it.

Last season Stephen Porter directed *Major Barbara* at Circle-in-the-Square, and, though there was some hurtful miscasting, he had sufficient sympathy with that great comic-dramatic oratorio to perceive its designs. This season Porter has directed **Misalliance** at the Roundabout and has made the fundamental mistake of treating it as he did *Major Barbara.* In rough analogy, this is to direct *Twelfth Night* as if it were *Measure for Measure.* Shaw's Salvation Army play deals consistently and organically with several gigantic themes. Shaw's *Misalliance* is a very different glass of champagne. The themes in it are serious enough, heaven knows, but they are touched, passed, recovered—juggled, one may say, perhaps in mimesis of the practice of the acrobat-juggler who is pivotal in the play itself. The structure, far from the syncretic Handel-Molière majesty of *Major Barbara,* seems (repeat: seems) to follow the caprices of a bubbling imagination. Porter has utterly missed the difference. To him, Shaw is Shaw.

Written in 1909, *Misalliance* came four years after *Major Barbara* and one year after *Getting Married*, another full-length play designed to be played in one unbroken act. Shaw gave *Getting Married* the mockingly defiant subtitle "A Disquisitory Play," and *Misalliance*, with equivalent tease, he called "A Debate in One Sitting." I've never seen it done in one sitting—though, well-played, this would help it—and it's about as much a debate as *The Importance of Being Earnest.*

Like many of Shaw's plays, *Misalliance* begins innocently, as if it were a conventional theater piece—in this case, a weekend country-house comedy. Within two minutes we know otherwise. A young aristocrat named Bentley Summerhays, just arrived after a dull week in the city, feels like talking, wants to "argue about something intellectual" with his host's thirtyish son who is relaxing with a novel. The other man declines and tells Bentley that, if he wants to argue, he ought to go over to the Congregationalist minister, who likes it. Says Bentley: "You can't argue with a person when his livelihood depends on his not letting you convert him."

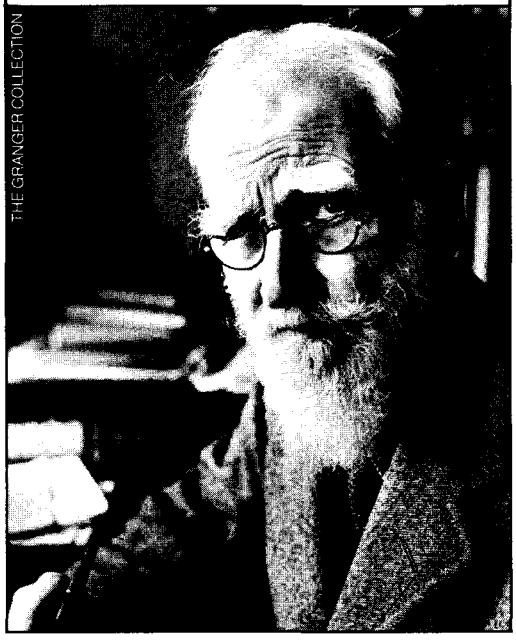
It all happens one Saturday afternoon in 1909 at the Surrey home of John Tarleton, the middle-aged, ebullient founder of Tarleton's Underwear. It starts as a comedy about family life—"comedy" implying for Shaw "surgery"—parent-and-child relations, marriage, the effect on them of changing ideas of class. The only specified misalliance is the engagement of Bentley to Hypatia Tarleton, rich but nevertheless a tradesman's daughter. Yet there are more misalliances than that, of several kinds. The form of the play—very subtly designed—is made to look like a series of coincidences which scoff at the ideas of arrangement, alliance *and* misalliance, that pervade the play.

Fairly early, Bentley happens to mention that he had a friend at Oxford named Joey Percival. Subsequently, Tarleton complains that Hypatia wants adventure to drop from the sky. In the middle of the play Joey Percival drops from the sky—he's an amateur flier, and his plane crashes into the Tarleton greenhouse—and in the course of the next hour, he takes Hypatia away from Bentley, to no one's surprise, least of all Bentley's, who is bright but spindly. Percival was carrying a passenger in his plane who in fact saved his life. That passenger, in breeches and helmet, turns out to be a beautiful woman—a Polish acrobat-juggler whose family creed for generations has been that every day you must risk your life at least once. And, before the play is over, Tarleton offers (unsuccessfully) to set up the Polish woman as his mistress; Bentley's father, Lord Summerhays, recalls having made advances to her in Vienna; and Tarleton's son proposes to her. (It's the last that enrages her.)

Now you have only to read these samples—out of a good many more similar incidents—to know that this is not the way things happen in life. It's not even the way things happen in farce, which, after an eccentric premise or two, proceeds with mathematical logic. *Misalliance* is *playing* with the serious, and the non-sense is not only amusing, it's all the more enchanting because every line spoken to advance the non-sense is expressed in language of sparkling *sense.*

A director who can't see the contrast between the extravagance of what is happening and the wisdom of what is

George Bernard Shaw in 1940: His plays both fathered and advanced the Theater of the Absurd.



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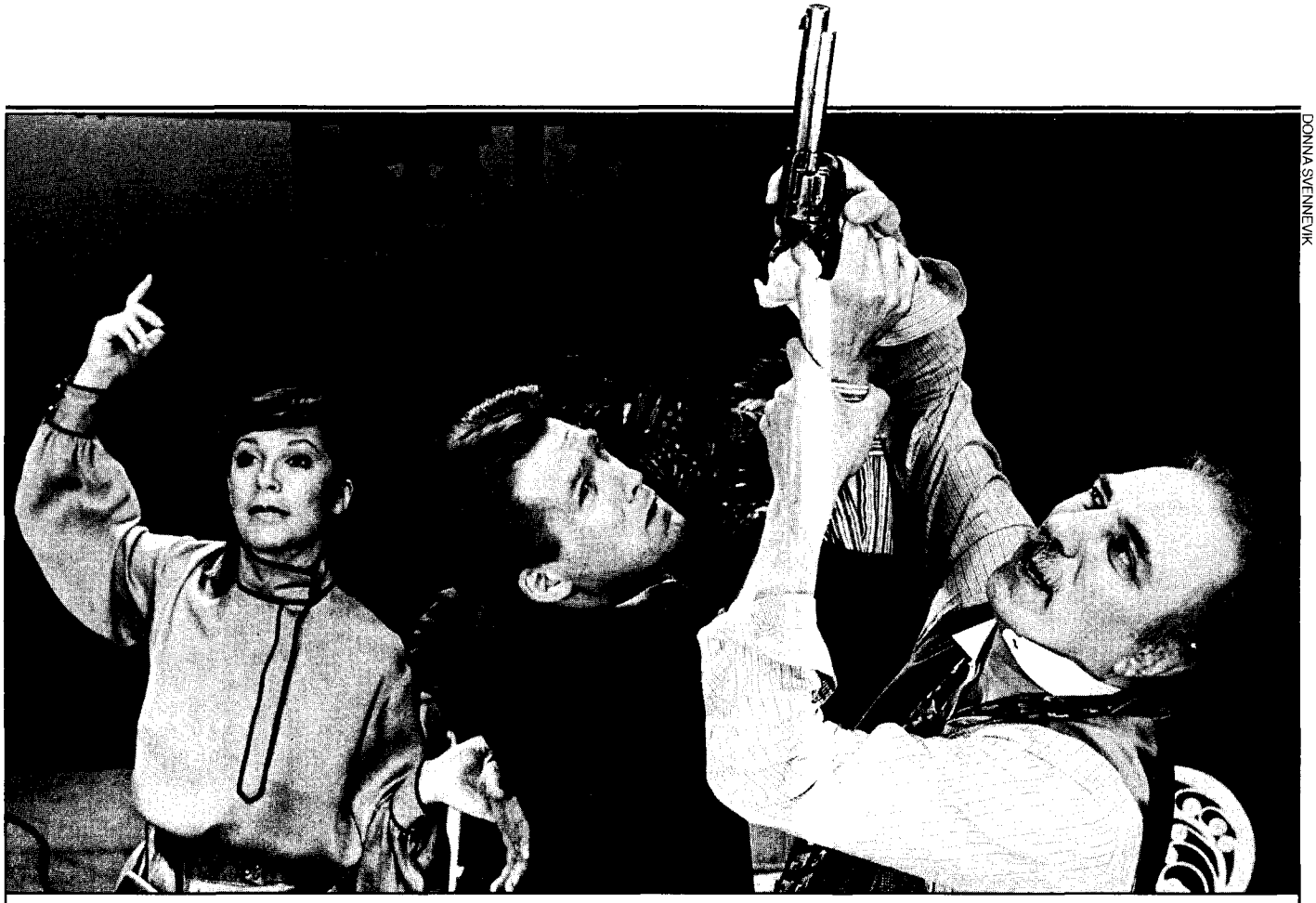

DONNA SVENNEVIK

In *Misalliance*, the Polish acrobat (Patricia Elliott) holds forth while Tarleton (Philip Bosco) grapples with his son (Anthony Heald).

said about it is stratospheres away from the play's style. That's Porter. But his work is worse than that: Even as direction of "straight" comedy, it's clumsy from Moment One. At the start Tarleton's son is, says Shaw, "reclining, novel in hand, in a swinging chair...." Porter has him sitting in an armless, straight-backed chair next to a table, just about the last position anyone would choose for relaxation. Why? Because Porter has to have him there for an (equally clumsy) encounter he's planning. This mechanical start is followed by more mechanics: People cross the stage just because Porter thinks a bit of movement will keep things bright, or they stand face to face for dialogue like Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald about to burst into song.

Philip Bosco, that valuable actor who was Undershaft in Porter's *Major Barbara*, plays Tarleton and has some flavor, though his Midlands accent comes and goes; but, as with Undershaft, he lacks the sheer powerful presence that is basic to the role. Patricia Elliott, whom I've often admired, makes the pride of the Polish acrobat false because it's all external, not generated from conviction. And her last great long speech, which should grow and grow, propelled by her fury at a marriage proposal that would move her from a life of valor to a life of knitting, is severely fractured by foolish little detours into irrelevant colors. The rest of the cast, especially Lord Summerhays, who is apparently played by an unemployed waiter, is inadequate, except for Jeanne Ruskin, the Hypatia. Despite her constricted voice, a better director could have elicited a good performance.

Yet Shaw, battered, condensed a bit, survives. The laser vision, the probing comedy, the twists that come from telling the truth instead of inventing twists, are indomitably there. And in *Misalliance*, as in a few of his other plays, there is an extra quality.

This play, like some of his one-act plays, like *Too True to Be Good* (1931), doesn't build on a traditional genre. *You Never Can Tell* (1896) and *Saint Joan* (1923) are superlative examples of high comedy and historical tragedy. *Misalliance* won't fit into such a category, but it does fit somewhere else. Even the few samples of the play given above will show that Shaw was both fathering and advancing the Theater of the Absurd.

Some have maintained, defensibly, that he was preceded by W.S. Gilbert, surely an Absurdist if the term means dramatic form that wryly reflects the difference between the range of mankind's vision and the limitations of mortality. But Shaw opened up much more and went much further. The critic R.J. Kaufmann (no relative—note spelling) wrote that Shaw "is godfather, if not actually finicky paterfamilias, to the Theater of the Absurd," that Shaw's "sense of art as medley, art as teetering on the edge of formal dissolution" is often like Ionesco and other Absurdists. I'd add that the reason Shaw is not often considered with the Absurdists is that he had other strings to his incredible bow, which is not true of them. He could write a *Mrs. Warren's Profession* or a *Pygmalion* when he needed to.

There's talk these days about a Shaw "revival," but the word is silly. He has never been away. (Been reading lately about children's rights? Look at the preface to *Misalliance*, in which he argued at length for children's rights 72 years ago.) It's a safe bet that, at any given moment of the day, every day of the year, a Shaw play is being performed somewhere on the face of the globe. The only other dramatist in the history of the world about whom the same bet could be made is Shakespeare. How can you "revive" a genius whose work (like Shakespeare's) even bad performances can't kill. The idea is small-a absurd. ■

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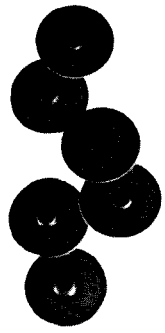

any one-way bulb. Since the amount of light is slightly reduced, you may want to increase the bulb size. The nicest thing is that even with increased wattage, you can still save on electricity. As an example, if your present bulb is 150W and you switched to a 200W bulb with a Lite-Saver, you would still have a 30% energy savings on lighting. A package of six Mellin Lite-Savers are available through us at **$16.00** ($1.95) #SRA324. You may be interested to know that Thomas Edison's winter residence in Florida uses direct current lighting. No one knows how long the bulbs last there—they have been in continuous use since 1925!

COFFEE SERVICE PAR EXCELLENCE

Having noted the popularity of home coffee brewers, *Tools For Living* set out to find the best unit of this type we could. It didn't take us long. The Bunn-O-Matic Corporation, which makes the vast majority of commercial coffee brewers, brought out a home model that we found to be outstanding in its design, performance and economy of operation. To begin with, the Bunn home model is constructed in essentially the same way as the commercial models, which are designed to work night and day with no down time. The guts of the Bunn unit are made of stainless steel and copper. Cheaper brewers use plastic and aluminum, which don't wear as well and which also tend to leak unpleasant tastes into the coffee. But most of all we were impressed by the energy efficiency of the Bunn. The Bunn unit utilizes three different heaters: an 800-watt heater, which comes on for about 10 minutes whenever fresh water is added to the system; a 34-w heater, which stays on continuously and keeps the water inside the unit at 200°; and a 65-w warmer, which is switch-controlled and used to keep brewed coffee warm (or to reheat it). The basic electrical cost to run the unit around-the-clock is a bit over 5¢ per day plus 1¢ per pot of coffee brewed. And keep in mind that the Bunn unit also has up to 75 oz. of 200° hot water available for making tea, hot chocolate, instant soup or for cooking—so it saves the cost of turning on the stove to boil a pot of water that invariably contains two or three times the amount of water you actually need. While the basics of construction and economy of operation sold us on the unit, the convenience and the quality of the coffee are its day-to-day pleasures. When friends drop by or when we have a dinner party, it is marvelous to have 8 cups of freshly brewed coffee ready in less than 3 minutes. As for the taste, you'll have to see for yourself—but the next time you are in a restaurant where you especially like the coffee, look to see if it wasn't brewed on a Bunn unit. Overall we are so impressed with the Bunn that we can think of only one *caveat:* the coffee is so good and so easy to make that you may end up drinking more coffee than you intend. But the will power is your department. The Bunn just does what it is supposed to do, and does it very well indeed. The basic Bunn home unit, Model GR, comes in easy-care, almond-colored, nonstainable plastic and costs **$69.95** ($7.95) #SRA370—it weighs 12 lb.!) But if you want the ultimate in looks as well as performance, Bunn also offers an extraordinary deluxe model in all stainless steel. This unit has a larger water heater (for quicker brewing and recovery time) and is great for larger family gatherings. The stainless steel model, Model LX,—the only one of its kind on the market—costs a respectable **$189.00** ($8.95) #SRA371 and is especially popular in gourmet kitchens and professional offices. The manufacturer provides a full one-year warranty on both models.

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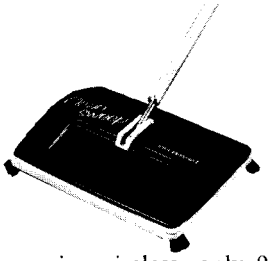
In an age when fruit is picked green and shipped hundreds or even thousands of miles, it takes a good deal of tender loving care to bring it to perfect ripeness. Which is where the Ripenright Fruit Bowl comes in. This bowl has been scientifically designed to maintain the most desirable atmosphere for fruit ripening. It is slightly vented to allow air circulation, but prevents moisture loss and traps the gases essential to proper ripening of many fruits. Fruit ripens faster, more uniformly, and with more fragrance and flavor. Meanwhile the attractive pear-shaped bowl makes a beautiful centerpiece. It is made of crystal-clear tough acrylic that will not discolor and does not break easily, yet it has the clarity and look of glass. The Ripenright bowls come in two sizes: 10″ across 12″ high (holds about 6 lb. of fruit) for **$21.00** ($2.95) #SRA367; or 12″ across by 13″ high (holds 8 lb. of fruit) for **$25.00** ($3.95) #SRA366. (We know several people who use the larger size to make dramatic terrariums or showplaces for their African violets.) The Ripenright bowl is especially good with plums, melons, peaches, tomatoes, pineapple, avocado, apricots, papayas and nectarines. Hint: to speed the ripening of a bowlful of green fruit, put in a ripe pear, banana or apple.

A CLEAN SWEEP



It is said that the electric vacuum cleaner is a labor saver. But when faced with those small cleanups that occur daily just whose labor is it saving by the time you tote and haul it, plug it in and pack it away again? This small but mighty non-electric carpet sweeper has shown itself to be perfect for those quick and dirty jobs. The Clean Sweep is a newly designed, non-electric lightweight carpet sweeper that cleans like gangbusters. It even works on bare floors and on those hard-to-clean places like stairs and closets. The Clean Sweep is noiseless, only 9½″ wide, half the weight of the traditional carpet sweeper, and it comes with corner brushes for getting into hard-to-reach places. It is also extremely well made, with all steel construction and a replaceable boar-bristle rotor brush. The Bissel Co. provides a full 5 year warranty. **$29.00** ($2.95) #SRA275.

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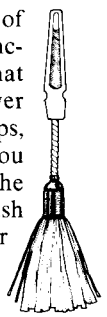
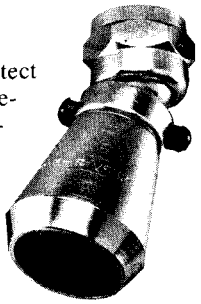
Here is a set of two very different kinds of brushes designed for opposite ends of the cooking process—a basting brush for applying fats and glazes to foods, and an absorbent mop for taking it off. The baster is a beautiful wood-handled natural bristle brush that looks more like an artist's tool than a cook's. The generous bristle head (an inch across) is delicate enough to apply a perfect pastry glaze, yet sturdy enough to grease pans and baste roasts. The brush is a comfortable 10″ long with 2¼″ bristles (set in epoxy so they won't shed). It is a delight to use.



The Hoan Grease Magic mop is a different breed of brush entirely, not nearly so elegant but just as functional. Its floppy head is made of special fibers that attract grease and immediately soak it up. Brush it over steaks, roasts or French Fries—or stir it through soups, sauces or stews—and it grabs grease so effectively that you have to see it to believe it. (The brush is a by-product of the technology developed to cope with oil spills.) The brush cleans easily with soap and hot water (it is dishwasher safe). This unusual on-and-off brush combination is available for just **$14.00** ($2.95) #SRA403. The set also makes a memorable gift.

SAVINGS IN THE SHOWER



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Judith Crist

D. H. Lawrence Brought to Life

Biography—beyond the strive-and-suffer tales of pop music stars—has become increasingly rare on screen, and literary biography has virtually disappeared. What a pleasure, then, that Glenda Jackson's stunning portrait of the British poet Stevie Smith, in *Stevie*, is now followed by Ian McKellen's remarkable impersonation of D.H. Lawrence in **Priest of Love**.

Based on Harry T. Moore's book and on the letters and writings of Lawrence, this biography of that controversial and original writer was more than 10 years in development by its co-producer and director, Christopher Miles, the British filmmaker who brought Lawrence's *The Virgin and the Gypsy* so admirably to the screen in 1970. *Virgin* left Miles with a determination to turn from Lawrence's autobiographical novels to a factual story of that difficult man who battled social, moral, and political establishments while reshaping the literary forms and sexual consciousness of this century—but who lost his own battle against tuberculosis in 1930, at the age of 45. Miles acquired the rights from the Lawrence estate and permission to impersonate still-living relatives and friends; he picked his cast not only for talent but also for resemblance to the characters portrayed; and he ensured authenticity by filming in the original locations in Mexico, England, and on the Continent—at the very villa, in fact, where *Lady Chatterley* was written and at the same presses in Florence where it was originally printed.

The result of his exploration and Alan Plater's screenplay, is, interestingly, the story of a shared life, that of Lawrence and Frieda von Richthofen Weekley, a married German aristocrat with whom he eloped in 1912 and wedded after her divorce in 1914. Miles saw his biographical film as "basically a marvelous love story between an extraordinary man and a very extraordinary woman. Their marriage had an energy and understanding that is very rare. It was anything but calm. It was filled with storms and battles, which only seemed to make it stronger."

The film opens in 1915 with the British censor's burning of *The Rainbow* on grounds of obscenity. It begins its personal narrative with Lawrence's departure for America in 1924, with Frieda and his adoring friend, Dorothy Brett, in tow. It follows the couple's nomadic and tempestuous life thereafter. Their past is made vivid in anecdote, flashback, and conversation; their present is a series of confrontations, outbursts of verbal and physical passions, and reconciliations—punctuated by publication of his work and ensuing scandals. Though at times the screenplay is touched by pedantry and grounded by chronology, it is the power of performance, let alone the fascination of time and place, that keeps one enthralled.

It *is* a love story. Janet Suzman's literally stunning Frieda, frank, bitter, and enduring, provides the complement to genius. McKellen, as the self-styled "priest of love," is brilliant in supplying the volatile spark of that genius to make his Lawrence credible and tolerable, lacing egocentric violence and absorption with threads of tenderness and compassion. Suzman also proves herself the rare survivor of such a relationship, aware of self and of mate, aware, too, of the price she has paid. "For twelve years," she says, "I've been forbidden to see my children, but I've seen the soul of D.H. Lawrence."

Beyond McKellen (the Tony-winning star of *Amadeus*) and Suzman (best remembered, perhaps, as the affecting Czarina in *Nicholas and Alexandra*), there is the enjoyment of Ava Gardner's mature beauty and brusque humor as Mabel Dodge Luhan, Lawrence's

Ian McKellen, as D.H. Lawrence in *Priest of Love*, is brilliant, lacing violence with compassion. Janet Suzman, as his wife Frieda, is stunning, the complement to genius.

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American patron, would-be mistress, and enduring admirer; of Penelope Keith as the naive and worshipful Brett; Sir John Gielgud as the British censor (who fortunately decided to "deport" rather than burn Lawrence's paintings); and Mike Gwilym and James Faulkner, as John Middleton Murry and Aldous Huxley. There is, too, a beautifully conceived and designed re-creation of literary history seen from a sophisticated and balanced perspective, touched with a humor and irony that are rare and refreshing for the genre.

Isabelle Adjani is vibrant as a houseguest whom Alan Bates (standing with Adjani) hopes to seduce in "an intriguing emotional chess game," in James Ivory's *Quartet*.

Another literary and arty bohemian scene comes to exquisitely detailed and elegant life in **Quartet**, the British entry at the Cannes Festival that won a Best Actress award for Isabelle Adjani, and should have earned one for Maggie Smith as well. Within its steamy, jazzy, high-fashioned slumming and hand-to-mouth-living recreation of Montparnasse in the late 1920s—the Miniver Cheevys among us know that Scott and Zelda and the gang are just around the corner—this beautiful period piece offers a poignant story of users and the used, of victims of emotions and of circumstance.

The screenplay, by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala and director James Ivory, is faithful to Jean Rhys's autobiographical novel, published in 1928. It draws on Rhys's own experiences with Ford Madox Ford, the author and editor (and early discoverer of Lawrence, among others) who took Rhys into his home in Paris and was her lover for a time. Rhys's story is of Marya, a young woman leading a feckless life with her husband and left destitute suddenly when he is arrested and jailed for dealing, unbeknownst to her, in stolen artifacts. An affluent English couple, H.J. Heidler and his artist-wife, invite her to be their guest. Urged on by her distraught husband she reluctantly accepts and finds herself trapped in their peculiar domestic arrangement as one of a line of "guests" whom the husband has seduced and whom the wife tolerates to preserve appearances and her marriage.

An intriguing emotional chess game ensues as the girl struggles to maintain her loyalty in visits to her husband in prison, as Heidler moves in for the kill, and as his wife competes for the girl's confidence before surrendering her to her husband. Adjani, memorable for the restraint of her performance in Truffaut's *The Story of Adele H*, is vibrant here in her struggle against emotional entrapment and in her final yielding. But it is Smith, brittle, surface-smooth, and desperate within, who polarizes our sympathies. As the seducer, Alan Bates stolidly embodies the ultimate womanizer whose ruthlessness is tinged around the edges with self-disgust. The quartet is completed by Anthony Higgins as the husband whose release from prison provides the final crisis.

Under Ivory's direction, the ambience and atmosphere become as intriguing as the main story. The nightclub scenes starring Amelia McQueen (of *Ain't Misbehavin'* fame), an episode in a pornographer's studio, a masquerade, and all the lush and lavish details of this rich, superbly costumed production are among its major pleasures.

There's elegant production, fine direction and performance, and final disappointment in **The French Lieutenant's Woman**. For almost a dozen years a variety of screenwriters struggled with the adaptation of this 1969 John Fowles best seller (see page 36)—understandably, for the hallmark of this delightful unVictorian Victorian novel was the author's intrusions to comment on manners and morals and the plight of the radical Darwinian hero in facing a woman beyond his time. There was also the delight of Fowles's speculation on a variety of ways in which his characters' lives could be resolved.

A solution was finally found—to Fowles's satisfaction (if not his readers')—in a Harold Pinter screenplay that chooses to replace the omniscient author by setting the story as a movie within a movie. We are presented with Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons playing actors who are otherwise romantically engaged (he is, in fact, married) but have become lovers on location. In the film being shot, they play the roles of Sarah Woodruff, the social outcast, and Charles Smithson, the gentleman paleontologist who is in her thrall. Thus, between takes, we become involved in the contemporary lovers' problems, only to be shifted to the Victorian plotting; then, as these effective players once again involve us, we are shifted out of the fiction back to the present-day "reality." The scheme of providing that "reality," though a logical cinematic device, doesn't ultimately work because on film the present is no more "real" than the past. The final point seems to be that lovers are at odds in any century—and that trivializes the Fowles work. Per se, the film is not uninteresting; the plotting is suspenseful on both levels, the characters are involving, Karel Reisz's direction is perceptive, the cinematography exquisite, and the settings rich in detail. But Pinter's solution is mechanical, and we realize once again that the best-written novels do not make the best movies. ■

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Carter Ratcliff

The Whitney Makes History

Alone among New York's major art institutions, the **Whitney Museum of American Art** has never put any of its holdings on permanent exhibition. It has initiated important temporary shows, many of which have traveled throughout the country. It has been more than generous in its loans to other museums. Yet the Whitney has somehow managed to avoid culling its storerooms, making a selection, then standing behind the results—until now, that is. On October 28 the doors of the museum's third floor will open on 80 works of art—some sculptures, mostly paintings—all of them presented as crucial to a grasp of American art in our century. Of course, no exhibition is ever, strictly speaking, "permanent." This one is scheduled to be on view for five years.

Season after season, the Whitney reflected current trends in its annuals and, more recently, its biennials. Those shows have invariably been controversial; they outrage many, placate a few, and please almost no one. Now the Whitney is giving itself a chance to be abused for its view of the last eight decades.

That view begins with the paintings of Robert Henri, John Sloan, and Maurice Prendergast, three of the group known as The Eight. Henri, the leader, gathered his troops in 1904 and marched them away from the stuffy National Academy of Design. Their destination was the avant-garde. It could be argued that The Eight never got there, preferring instead to encamp on the perimeters of the new. Among the first American artists to qualify as genuinely modern are Georgia O'Keeffe, Marsden Hartley, and Arthur Dove. These, like Henri et al., are represented sparsely but well.

Next come our local Cubists. Or are they our local Futurists? Historians solve the problem by calling them Precisionists—Joseph Stella, Charles Sheeler, Charles Demuth, and other practitioners of a hard-edged, urban style. Their optimistic view of the machine age looked a bit hollow during the Depression, though it stands up better than the regionalism and Social Realist agitation that dominated the period. The Whitney has decided to give these latter two developments short shrift. Only Reginald Marsh, a regionalist who concentrated on Manhattan's 14th Street, and the politically irritable Ben Shahn have been included. Thus we are spared false-modern images of big-city corruption, à la Jack Levine. And John Steuart Curry's fake-folksy picture of down-home baptism is not to be seen. This quick dash through the thickets and alleyways of 1930s Americana shows a sound aesthetic judgment that will surely be condemned as elitist.

That will be only the beginning of the complaints inspired by this selection. I've got some complaints myself as the installation moves past the 1930s. For instance, Alexander Calder's art of the 1940s and after looks to me like an exercise in militant cuteness—a geometric abstractionist's equivalent of baby talk. Yet the Whitney's collection is strong (if that's the word) in Calder, so five of the works in this new installation are his. And the defense of this relatively massive presence rests not only on the shape of the Whitney's holdings. As director Tom Armstrong recently said, "People came from all over the country, from all over Europe, expecting to see a Calder—not just the *Circus*, which has been on view for some time, but some of his abstract works. And they've been shocked to find the Whitney just didn't have one of his mobiles on view. Or one of his stabiles."

Its new permanent installation launches the museum into maturity.

Of course, the 80 works in the new third-floor display constitute only a fraction of a fraction of those that came up for possible inclusion. There are, after all, more than 6,500 works of art in the Whitney's basement, and the museum is relatively small, with only 40,000 square feet of exhibition space. The paring-down process took two years and much agonizing on the part of Armstrong and his curators—Patterson Sims, Barbara Haskell, Gail Levin, Richard Marshall, Jennifer Russell. According to Sims, curator of the permanent collection, it was an adversary proceeding, with each curator holding out for his or her main choices, often vehemently, and sometimes having to make very painful compromises. The chief consideration was quality. The museum purchased Jasper Johns's "Three Flags" for $1 million because, says Sims, "We realized how central Johns has been to the Whitney's vision of American art. We've included him in numerous group shows. We've given him a retrospective, but we didn't have an absolutely first-rate example of his work. So we obtained one." Robert Rauschenberg, an obvious choice for inclusion, is missing, says Sims, "because we don't have an unquestionably major piece of his."

The final selection was all the more difficult because the Whitney staff felt it couldn't leave out the expansive sculpture of Mark di Suvero, Edward Kienholz, and David Smith (represented by four works)—artists to whom the Whitney has been heavily committed in recent decades and whose output, like Calder's, is well represented in the museum's holdings. As a result, sculptures crowd out paintings. And Stuart Davis, represented by four canvases, crowds out some of his fellow painters. Yet it's hard for me to quarrel with this case of over-representation. Davis is one—perhaps the only one—of the major pre-war American modernists who refused to abandon Cubism. He refused, in other words, to take the path that led the slightly younger Willem de Kooning, Jackson Pollock,

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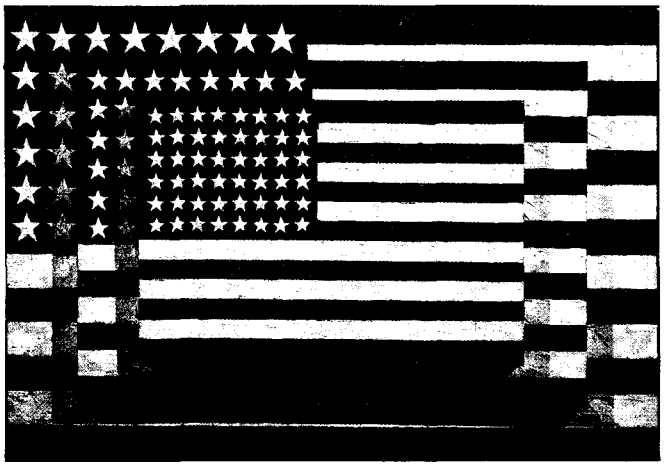
and Franz Kline to Abstract Expressionism. And Davis's stubbornness strengthened him. His corner of the new installation is one of the brightest, though the Abstract Expressionist corner is impressive too. In addition, Clyfford Still, Mark Rothko, and Cy Twombley are represented by major works—as is Barnett Newman, who appears with Josef Albers, Ad Reinhardt, Frank Stella, and other makers of hard-edged images.

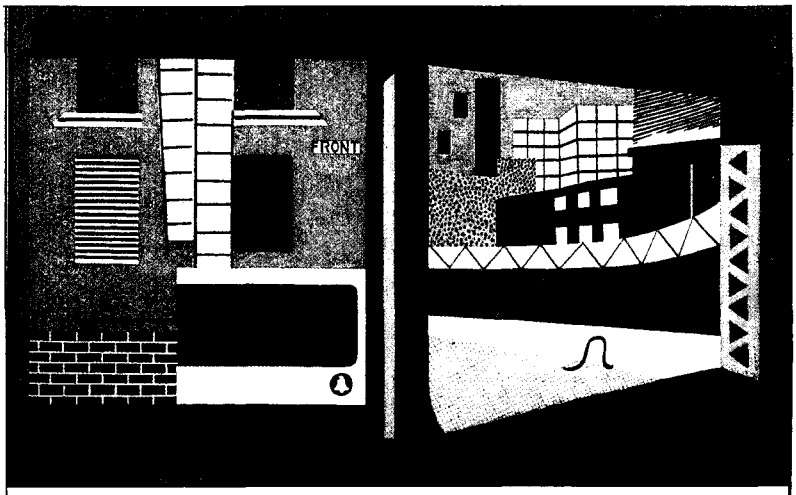
It seems odd to put Albers and Newman in the same category. One could take exception throughout to the Whitney's groupings, but few will bother. The major carping will be directed at exclusions. If H. C. Westerman is to be included among the Pop contingent, where is Jim Dine? If Claes Oldenburg, why not Red Grooms? Is it quite right to confine contemporary realists to painters who work from photos (Robert Estes, Chuck Close) and sculptors who employ body casts (Duane Hanson, George Segal)? Isn't there some room in the Whitney's view of present-day realism for artists who depict the human form with a more direct touch? Was there absolutely no way to acknowledge Conceptualism or Earthworks? "No artist," says Tom Armstrong, "should feel disappointed at not being included. We're not presenting our judgments as absolute." But of course this disclaimer will be ignored by the art world.

The Whitney has long needed to put its major works on permanent view. Without such an installation, it has not really been a full-fledged museum. Now, within the limits of its small building and its huge crush on Alexander Calder, the Whitney has launched itself into maturity with great flair. It has, with a single decisive step, made history. Since ambitious artists live for signs of their place in the historical scheme of things, exclusion from this exhibition is going to cause some of them deep bitterness—as Armstrong and his staff well know.

They've provided themselves a way out, one so brilliant it deserves to be named—call it the Rauschenberg Gambit. Here's how it works. By leaving out Robert Rauschenberg, an artist central to the Whitney's view of postwar American art, Armstrong can say this limitation hurts him more than it hurts us or history or even Rauschenberg. But quality was at stake, as Sims and the rest of the curatorial staff constantly insist. And the Whitney just doesn't have a Rauschenberg good enough. So why shouldn't every other excluded contemporary imagine himself to be in the same prestigious boat? The Rauschenberg Gambit is a way of suggesting that an artist may well be on the missing list because he is too important, and the museum can't do him justice. In future, matters will be better arranged.

Especially if, as the Whitney hopes, the smallness of this quasi-permanent exhibition convinces the art world—museum-goers as well as the museum's trustees—that expansion is imperative. With the Metropolitan adding a new wing every few years, and the Modern putting up a condominium tower, the Whitney can hardly be expected to stay small. The limits on this new installation serve as arguments for the inauguration of a building program. And, as it happens, the Whitney has bought up the property on its side of Madison Avenue, between 74th and 75th Streets. But how on earth is a new wing going to make a stylistic match with the Whitney's present building, that indefensibly fortress-like hulk by Marcel Breuer? ■





Top: "Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney" (1916) by Robert Henri, leader of the group known as The Eight, whose paintings begin the Whitney's view of modern American art. Middle: Jasper Johns's "Three Flags" (1958), bought by the museum especially for the permanent exhibition. Bottom: "House and Street" (1931) by Stuart Davis, a stalwart Cubist, whose corner in the installation is one of the brightest.

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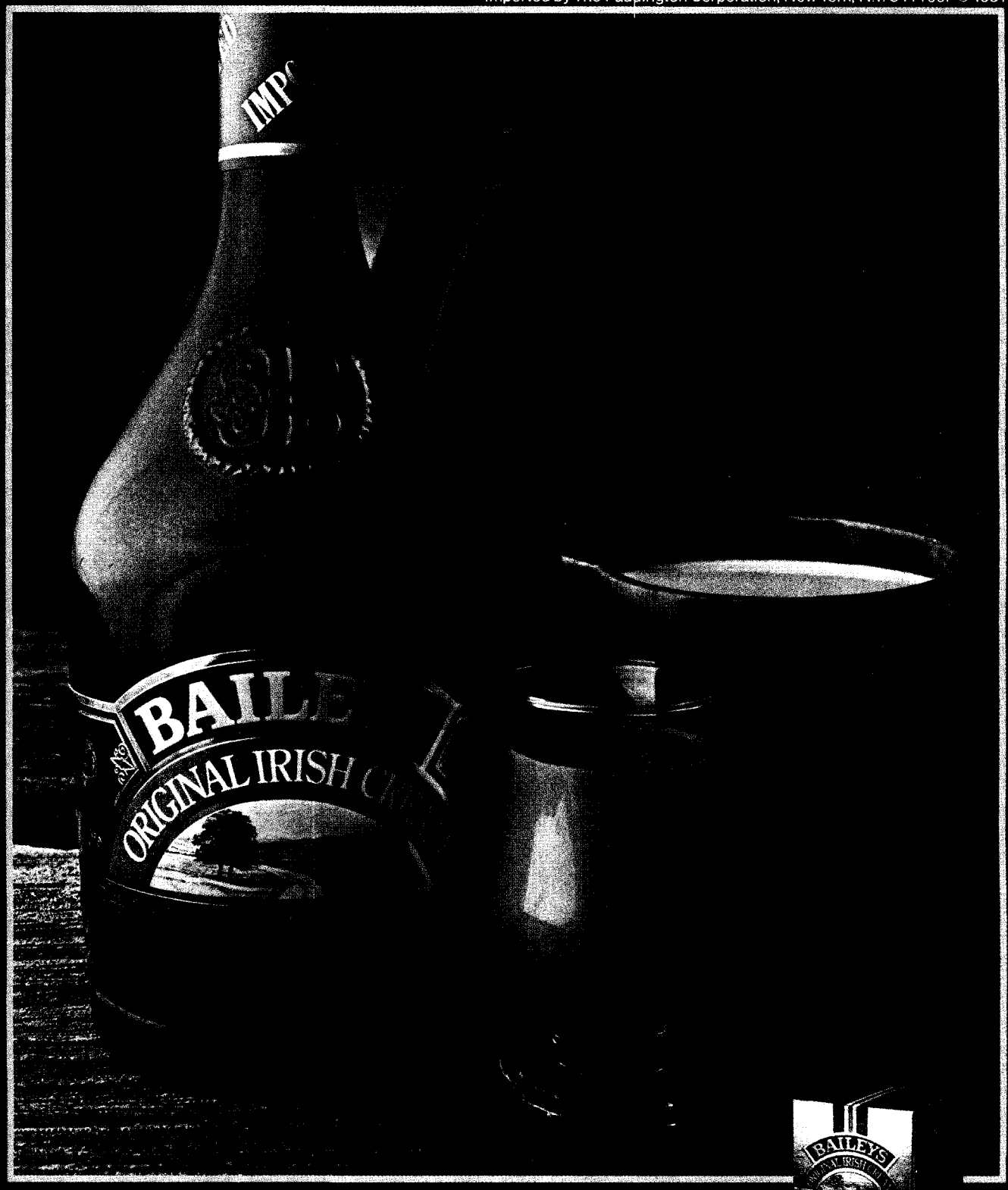

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THE CREAM IS REAL. THE SPIRITS ARE REAL.
ONLY THE TASTE IS MAGIC!

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BOOKS

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Tom Wolfe badmouths architect chic and the big-bad-building-bamboozle.

Tom Wolfe vs. Modern Architecture

From Bauhaus to Our House
by Tom Wolfe, Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 143 pp., $10.95

Reviewed by Hilton Kramer

SIX YEARS AGO, Tom Wolfe wrote a very short book called *The Painted Word*. It purported to give us the lowdown on the contemporary art scene. It wasn't the art itself that mainly concerned him, however. He did not, as a matter of fact, seem to know much about it. What really interested him was that people with money and social pretensions bought this art, often at very high prices, and people with brains—intellectuals—took it seriously enough to write long critical essays explaining it. He found much to ridicule in the activities of both groups, and nothing to admire. The whole art scene was, for him, little more than a farce foisted upon the public by a cabal of critics and millionaires seeking influence and status.

Now Wolfe has written another short book about art and its public. This time the art in question is modern architecture, which—to no one's surprise—he doesn't much like. Because he doesn't like it, he naturally assumes that other people of taste and intelligence agree with him. After all, what is there to like in this monstrous display of glass walls and poured concrete? Yet the undeniable success of modernism in architecture—the sheer number of buildings that have been built, and the vast sums of money lavished on their design and construction and maintenance by people with brains, money, and influence—must somehow be accounted for. The purpose of *From Bauhaus to Our House* is therefore to explain how we came to be hoodwinked into accepting an art that, in Wolfe's opinion, we actually loathe.

It turns out that the principal cause of our aesthetic misfortune has been our supine surrender to European influence. Several generations back, it seems, we made a terrible mistake in allowing crackpot foreigners like Walter Gropius, Mies van der Rohe, and Le Corbusier to lead us astray. The wicked European avante-garde corrupted us! Wolfe doesn't come right out and say that these European malefactors sapped our vital juices, but that is clearly what we are expected to believe.

Once upon a time, according to this scenario, America could boast of a healthy native culture that had nothing—well, almost nothing—to do with Europe. Exactly what it consisted of remains, alas, a little vague. Frank Lloyd Wright was apparently part of it. There was jazz, of course. And the realistic novel. There was also, earlier on, the tendency of the American rich to commission buildings that looked like French châteaux and English manor houses. Did this, perhaps, reflect some European influence? Well, yes. But it was all right because it wasn't avant-garde. And anyway, it was somehow appropriate to American power.

But starting in the 1920s or thereabouts, the baleful influence of European modernism began to make itself felt. The road to ruin began at the Bauhaus in Germany after World War I. It was there that Gropius, Mies, and others launched their noxious ideas on an unsuspecting world. "It was more than a school," Wolfe correctly observes of the Bauhaus; "it was a commune, a spiritual movement, a radical approach to art in all its forms, a philosophical center comparable to the Garden of Epicurus." This "radical approach to art" might have had some meaning for a Europe that had been devastated by the war—Wolfe is not too clear about that—but it was definitely alien to the untroubled spirit of American culture. About *that* our author is remarkably confident.

(Continued)

Hilton Kramer is chief art critic for the *New York Times*.

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Yet, contrary to all reason and expectation, this alien movement managed to acquire some enthusiastic disciples in the United States. The principal offenders were the people in charge of the Museum of Modern Art, which—in Wolfe's fanciful history—seems to have been founded in 1929 for the express purpose of subverting our native culture. Never mind that the museum showed Charles Burchfield before it showed Picasso, or that it bought an Edward Hopper before it bought Matisse. A writer with a hot thesis must be allowed certain liberties.

The most fateful of the museum's many acts of aesthetic turpitude, however, was its mounting of a show called "Modern Architecture: International Exhibition" in 1932. This show introduced the work of Gropius, Mies, Le Corbusier, and other modern architects —more than 50 in all, including many outstanding Americans—to the New York museum public. Out of this event came the term, "The International Style," used in the catalogue to describe the work of a handful of European modernists. It was a term that stuck, and many years later came to be all but synonymous with the term "modern architecture."

About this event Wolfe writes: "The show and the catalogue created a terrific stir in the American architectural community, chiefly because of the status of the museum itself. The Museum of Modern Art was the colonial complex inflated to prodigious dimensions." And on the next page he writes: "In 1929 the museum opened, and European modernism in painting and sculpture was established, *institutionalized*, overnight, in the most overwhelming way, as the new standard for the arts in America. The International Style exhibition was designed to do the same thing for European modernism in architecture."

This is an interesting example of Wolfe's hyperventilated method. Overlooked in the hyperbole is the fact that the "terrific stir" alleged to have been created in 1932 did not actually lead to much in the way of new building until some 20 or more years later. As for the "prodigious dimensions" of the museum's "colonial complex," the truth is that in its early years the Modern was so hesitant about showing the radical modernist art of Europe that it was often under attack by American modernists for being backward and reactionary. In painting, the museum tended to favor realist, regional, and neo-romantic styles. The claim that it achieved an "overnight" success in establishing modernism "in the most overwhelming way" is nonsense. Its work in acquainting the public with what had been created in European art and design was, in fact, a slow and painstaking process. There was nothing "overnight" or "overwhelming" about it.

The "Modern Architecture" exhibition of 1932 certainly had an influence on architectural thought in this country—which meant, at most, an influence on a couple of dozen people. Yet when the time came to put up new buildings in the decades following World War II, a strict commitment to modernist orthodoxy remained the exception rather than the rule. The rule was to compromise—to produce moderately "modern" buildings with vaguely "traditional" features. (See Lincoln Center in New York for abundant examples.) You would never guess it from a reading of *From Bauhaus to Our House*, but the reason why there are so few superlative buildings of modernist design in this country is that there have been few opportunities to create them. Most of what passes for "modern architecture" is commercial hack work tricked up with a modern look.

Still, in rare cases where buildings of great distinction have been created—in Lever House, for example, or the Seagram Building—Wolfe can be counted on to mock them. He simply doesn't know the difference between a great design and a failed or foolish or vulgar one. There is, indeed, very little about modern architecture that he does understand. What really interests him is the world of money and manners—a rich subject, to be sure, about which he has written brilliantly elsewhere. But neither art nor aesthetic thought has any reality for him apart from its role in that world of money and manners. He is helpless when it comes to dealing with the artistic issues that lie at the heart of this book.

For this reason, too, the so-called "death" of modern architecture and the whole phenomenon of "post-modern" architecture remain a mystery to him—as, indeed, they must remain to anyone who, like Wolfe, sees nothing in the life of culture but a succession of fashions and fads. The truth is far more complicated, of course. The great appeal of the modern movement in architecture derived from its lofty attempt to integrate the interests of aestheticism, the needs of society, and the methods of industrial production in a coherent and realizable vision of the good life. That it conspicuously failed to achieve this lofty objective has long been recognized.

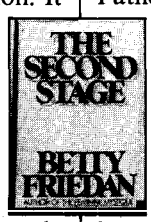
But the inquiry into the reasons for that failure is not well served by a writer on the lookout for comic scapegoats. Modern architecture was not, after all, a foreign plot to take over America—and there is something repugnant, in any case, in the idea that all of modernist culture represents some sort of alien threat to the purity of American life. In the end, that is the idea that governs *From Bauhaus to Our House*. ■

A New Feminist Manifesto

The Second Stage
by Betty Friedan, Summit Books, 339 pp., $14.95

Reviewed by Erica Jong

THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT is not new. It is not even a 20th-century invention. It has been with us in its modern incarnation at least since the days of Mary Wollstonecraft—and perhaps even earlier. We see attitudes we can identify as "feminist" in the works of Aphra Behn, in Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth, in Chaucer's Wife of Bath. Knowing as we do that Mother-centered religions preceded Father-centered ones by many thousands of years, we might even hypothesize that feminism is the natural state of humankind. But this evolution is hard to trace because ever since patriarchy triumphed, one of its most sinister propaganda achievements has been to repress the truth of women's history, so that women themselves are out of touch with their own heritage and have to go on vague hunches about their



Erica Jong is the author of *Fear of Flying, How to Save Your Own Life*, and *Fanny*. Her latest book, *Witches*, will be published on Halloween.

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collective past rather than historical "fact."

It bespeaks the awesome power of the patriarchy that the women's movement has to be rediscovered every few decades as if it had never existed before. Just as our generation of feminists is now rediscovering the Women's Building at the Chicago World's Fair of 1893, the timeliness of the feminism of Emma Goldman's day, of Charlotte Perkins Gilman's day, of Mary Wollstonecraft's day, it is indeed possible that our granddaughters (if there *are* to be any granddaughters in a patriarchal world insane enough to barter plutonium for political influence) will have to rediscover our feminist struggles with amazement.

Since women live dispersed among men and do not constitute themselves as a separate interest group, their struggles for freedom tend to be undone by their own daughters. We are witnessing this today, as the so-called "Second Wave" of the feminist movement (late 1960s to mid-1970s) succumbs to the dissipating effects of a new conservative tide. It is a sign of how little women have progressed in building a real political power base that a right given seemingly immutably in 1973 (the right to safe, legal abortion) can be under serious attack as few as eight years later.

Why did the "Second Wave" of the feminist movement (which Betty Friedan herself propelled into being through *The Feminine Mystique*, 1963) fail to create real political power for feminism? This is among the fascinating questions Friedan addresses in *The Second Stage*.

Friedan is troubled that our movement seems in tatters, our spirit gone, our troops tired, our enemies refreshed. She seeks to know whether we have conspired in our own defeat and, if so, what we can do to remedy the situation. She wants to save feminism for our generation before it is too late. And her alarms could not be better timed. It is clear that the movement desperately needs new direction, new vigor, new inspiration—a drastic reappraisal of strategies and goals. I only hope that Friedan can be the one to provide it. In the past, feminists have not been kind to their founding mother. Let us hope they will listen to her with more sensitivity on this occasion.

Friedan argues that we must be honest about our failures and our successes. We must face up to the fact that we played into our enemies' hands by replacing the feminine mystique with a new "feminist mystique." We have been "locked in reaction" to old ideals of femininity rather than creating a new image of men and women, of sex roles, and particularly of the family as the basic building block of our culture. In our impatience to show how the patriarchal nuclear family oppressed women, we allowed ourselves to seem anti-men, anti-family, anti-children, pro- social anarchy. In our impatience with restrictive sexual roles, we allowed our enemies to paint us as wild orgiastic creatures of caprice, lesbian separatists, wreckers of hearth and home. We failed to realize that we could not build a power base in America unless we united *all* women—homemakers and careerists, lesbians and heterosexuals—rather than fanning the fires of female discord. We failed to understand that in a country both homophobic and puritanical, *no* political movement could ever succeed under the blatant banners of gay rights or sexual freedom—which is *not* to say that we should not continue to press for these freedoms, but that we should be both more politically savvy and more humane in how we do so. We have given our enemies ammunition in seeming to be against all the sacrosanct ideals of our culture (the family as the wellspring of security and civilization, concern for our progeny as our most potent force for peace, sexual privacy, compassion for the dissenter, fairness). But most of all, we have failed to restructure the institutions of work and family in ways that would guarantee the continuance of our revolution. Moving into the next phase requires a new way of conceiving our problems. Friedan writes:

The second stage cannot be seen in terms of women alone, our separate personhood or equality with men.

The second stage involves coming to new terms with the family—new terms with love and with work.

The second stage may not even be a women's movement. Men may be at the cutting edge of the second stage.

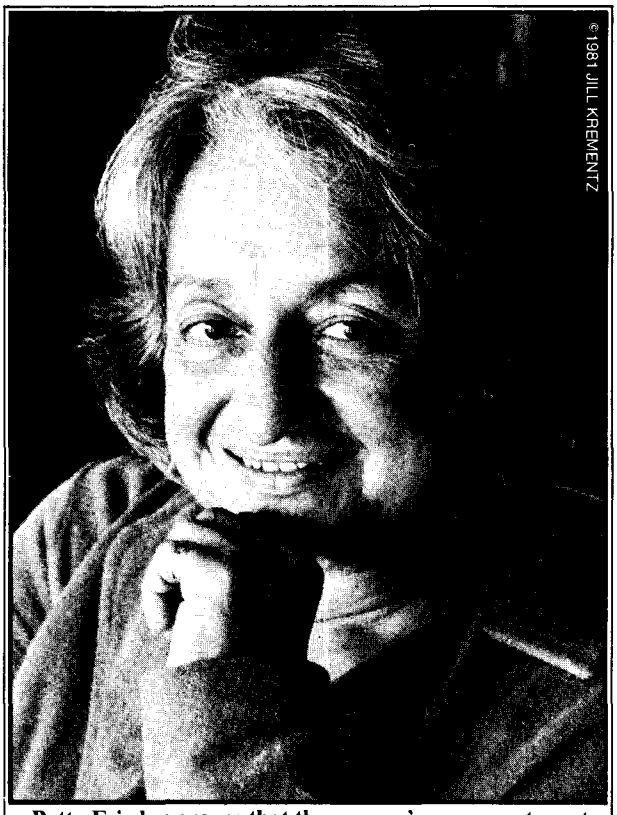
The second stage has to transcend the battle for equal power in institutions. The second stage will restructure institutions and transform the nature of power itself.

The second stage may even now be evolving, out of or even aside from what we have thought of as our battle.

Friedan's analysis of feminism circa 1981 is as important as her analysis of women's discontent circa 1963. She hardly puts all the blame for feminism's failures on the movement's shoulders; she recognizes the potent forces that have been aligned against us throughout history. But she does seek to analyze our own contributions to our difficulties, and for this alone it is a courageous book to have written.

I have always agreed with Friedan that many feminists were beating their heads against a wall by trying to deny the importance to most women of nurturing, child-bearing, and warm familial relationships. Denying women's needs will get us nowhere—but deeper into the trouble we are now in. Admitting them (and admitting some lovingly proffered criticism of our movement without screaming "treason!") may well redeem us.

Unless we can separate women from the possibly instinctual desire for children, we cannot build a *mass* movement on separatism, nor on political groupings based solely on gender, nor on demands that speak only to white-collar urban career



Betty Friedan argues that the women's movement must champion the family and grow up fast—or die.

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women and not at all to less sophisticated (but equally oppressed) rural women, homemaker women, blue-collar women. The movement has always been divided between those who want to work within the system and those who want to destroy it. Our failure to create a coherent and consistent policy has been our undoing. Our failure to truly change our social institutions has led to the explosive situation of raised expectations and frustrating realities.

The time has come to stop kidding ourselves. Either we want to ride our individual feminist hobbyhorses, or we want to build a grass-roots movement that can really change most women's lives (and with them, the world). Patriarchy has got us by the short hairs as long as we allow ourselves to argue about who does what to whom in bed, rather than to see our social problems as a whole. The feminist movement "cannot evade continuing tests of real life," says Friedan.

Friedan is telling us that our movement has to grow up and grow up fast—or die. We have to acknowledge the real needs for family and nurturing that haunt all of us—men and women alike. We have to stop denying (as if denial were ever the answer to anything) evident truths about people's lives and emotional needs.

If the past is prologue, there will be a predictable feminist uproar of outrage against this book—as there has been recently against *The Cinderella Complex* and against any book that seeks to *analyze* (which is not at all the same as to *recommend*) dependent and divisive female behavior under patriarchy. But Friedan criticizes the women's movement with the desperate concern of a loving mother. She wants to bring us to our senses. Many women are still so insecure that they hear any analysis as criticism, constructive criticism as destructive criticism, a call to self-analysis as a call to retreat.

This is only further proof—if we still needed it—that women as a class are still "semi-slaves" (the term is Doris Lessing's). Like slaves we tend to attack our would-be liberators rather than our true oppressors. Let us not make this mistake again. Just as Chekhov said that he had to squeeze the slave out of himself drop by drop in order to be a writer, women will have to squeeze the slave out of themselves in order to have a vital movement. The feminist movement of the 1920s died in part because it never addressed the question of the family. It will do current feminism no good to deny that this is the major question in all our lives—whether we seek to make the family the center of our being, or consciously seek the reverse.

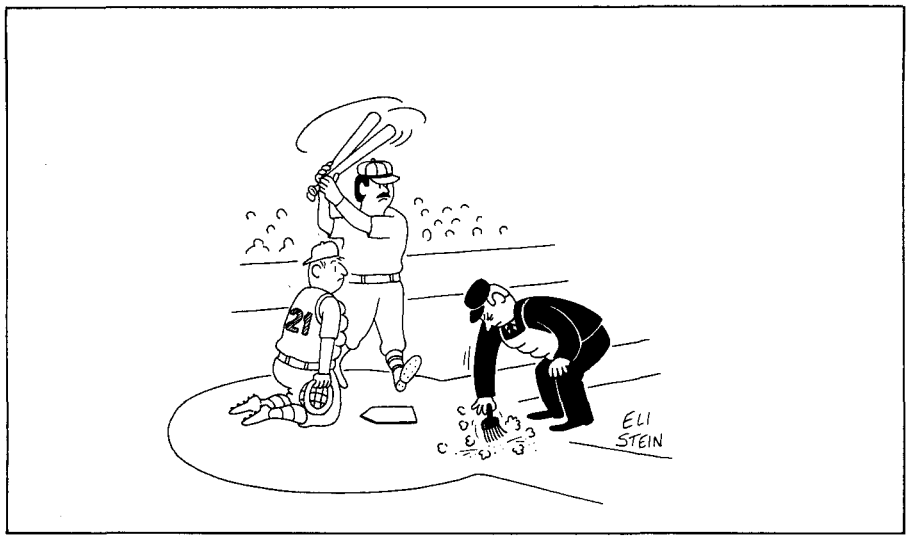
Why should the right have "the family" as an issue, while we are left clinging to the tatters of sexual politics? The family should be a *feminist* issue. In the family all our deepest concerns and needs are concentrated. We cannot even do our work in peace and harmony unless we solve the problems of family.

The tragedy of the left in America has always been factionalism and internecine warfare, and the women's movement of the 1970s, coming as it did out of the new left and the antiwar movement, has been heir to this factionalist heritage. But we are a broader and more universal movement than the new left that, inadvertently and unconsciously, sired us. We are half the world, after all, and instead of splintering ourselves so that we seem a minority force, hardly a force at all, we could unite around those very issues that *all* women can relate to: the quality of children's lives (totally disregarded by *all* our politicians), the problems of two-career families, health care for women and children, reproductive freedom, equal pay, equal pensions, equal representation in institutions of power.

After careful analysis of feminism's past and present, Friedan has come to believe that the family must be "the new feminist frontier": "To the degree that feminists collude in assuming an inevitable, unbridgeable antagonism between women's equality and the family, they make it a self-fulfilling prophecy," Friedan writes. In fact, "the family" of right-wing nostalgia no longer exists in America and hasn't for some time. Only 17 percent of households include a breadwinner father and homemaker mother; 28 percent of families have two breadwinner parents; 32.4 percent consist of couples with no children at home; 6.6 percent consist of women who are single and their children; 3.1 percent consist of unrelated persons; 5.3 percent are headed by single parents and include relatives other than spouses and children; and a whopping 22 percent consist of one person living alone (a third of those are women over 65). With figures such as these, what on earth is the "pro-family" coalition talking about?

Clearly they are talking about our vanished dreams of a storybook family in which Mom bakes, Spot runs, Dick and Jane play, and Dad comes home at 6 PM. Similarly, many feminists have been reacting *against* that vanished dream. But ironically, what both the right-wing nostalgia-mongers and the feminist extremists have in common is that they are both fulminating about something that no longer exists!

This is the great value of Friedan's book. She tries to show us where we really are right now so that we can begin to assess our gains and losses and map a new strategy. Her understanding of the doubleness of things, her refusal to be conned by slogans, her insistence on psychological truth rather than political polemicizing, her insistence on seeing the feminist movement in historical perspective, her refusal, in all instances, to throw out the baby with the bathwater, make the reading of this book a supremely optimistic experience. For those of us seeking a new direction for feminism, it is here. ■



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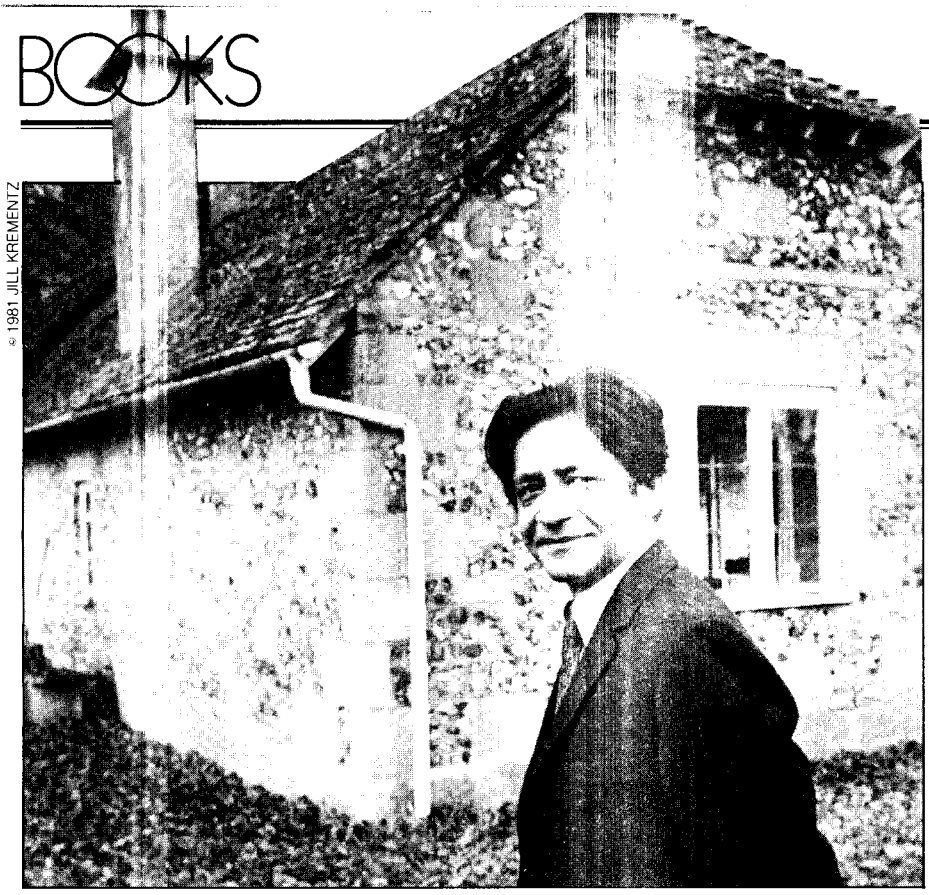

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V.S. Naipaul vents his bitterness toward Muslims and the Islamic revolution.

Western Scorn at Islamic Rage

Among the Believers: An Islamic Journey
by V.S. Naipaul, Alfred A. Knopf, 429 pp., $15

Reviewed by Robert R. Harris

V.S. NAIPAUL is mad at Muslims. He doesn't much like or trust them either, and so this account of seven months spent in Iran, Pakistan, Malaysia, and Indonesia fails to decipher the cryptic Islamic revival of recent years.

Born in Trinidad in 1932 of Indian Hindu parents, Naipaul has long lived in England, and his world view is essentially that of an established Westerner. Nevertheless, his third-world heritage has licensed him to scathe the underdeveloped world's naive, sometimes sinister, attempts either to emulate or to spurn Western legal and political institutions, to which he is deeply devoted.

Naipaul's fiction and reporting (*Among the Believers* is his 17th book) have been justly and extravagantly praised for their unsparing portraits of life and politics in poor countries. Recently, however, more critical voices have been raised. Edward W. Said—author of *Orientalism* (1978), an excellent and penetrating study of Western literature's long-distorted portrayal of the East—has come down hard on Naipaul. In his provocative *Covering Islam* (1981), Said accuses Naipaul of encouraging Western hostility toward Islam. "For Naipaul and his readers," Said contends, "'Islam' somehow is made to cover everything that one most disapproves of from the standpoint of civilized, and Western, rationality."

Like many astute but impassioned critics, Said is both right and wrong. At times Naipaul does indeed look down his nose at poverty, and he often fails to explicate the deep-rooted causes of violence and terrorism. And yet—in such books as *Guerrillas* (1975), *A Bend in the River* (1979), and *The Return of Eva Perón* (1980)—Naipaul's depiction of the chaos that reigns throughout the contemporary third world is nothing short of brilliant. *A Bend in the River*, his fictional re-creation of the absurdity, futility, and cruelty of life in a newly independent African state, may condemn too facilely post-colonial efforts at state-building, but it is perceptively frank about what is going on in Africa today. It transcends its flaws to arrive at, or at least very nearly at...well, truth.

What's most disturbing about Naipaul's latest book is that it's boring. And that's remarkable because while Naipaul was touring the East, Iranian students took over the American embassy in Teheran, a gun battle raged in the mosque at Mecca, Russia invaded Afghanistan, and Pakistan canceled elections and imposed martial law. Yet *Among the Believers* only mentions these events in passing and then piles anecdote upon anecdote. It's not enough. We have in the past looked to Naipaul for grand summation—for just the right blend of irony and truth to fix a situation or an event in our minds. For example, in his long essay "Michael X and the Black Power Killings in Trinidad" (included in *The Return of Eva Perón*), Naipaul blows away the pretensions of purveyors of radical chic who "keep up with 'revolution' as with theatre [and] visit centers of revolution, but with return air tickets."

Granted, there are truths to be found in the endless anecdotes of *Among the Believers*. But they are small truths, mostly apt characterizations of some of the people Naipaul met. There is little irony here, and Naipaul never overcomes his preconceptions to convey any understanding of modern Islam.

One of the problems is tone. On the book's very first page, Naipaul's antagonism toward Muslims becomes apparent. (In light of recent events, antagonism on the part of Westerners toward Muslims—and vice-versa—is surely predictable, but it does not do much for the cause of mutual understanding.) Our testy reporter describes an Iranian driver/guide:

> [He was] a man of simple origins, simply educated, but with a great sneering pride, deferential but resentful, not liking himself for what he was doing. He was the kind of man who, without political doctrine, only with resentments, had made the Iranian revolution.

Maybe. But Naipaul's sahib persona has

Robert R. Harris is the literary editor of *Saturday Review*.

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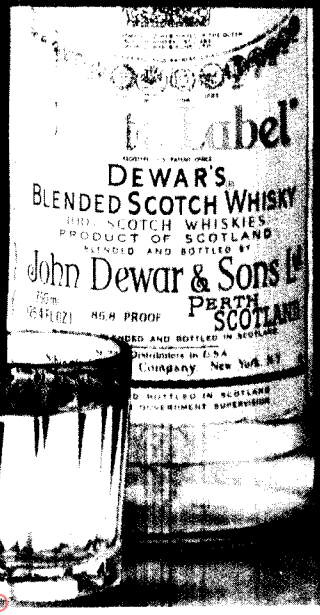

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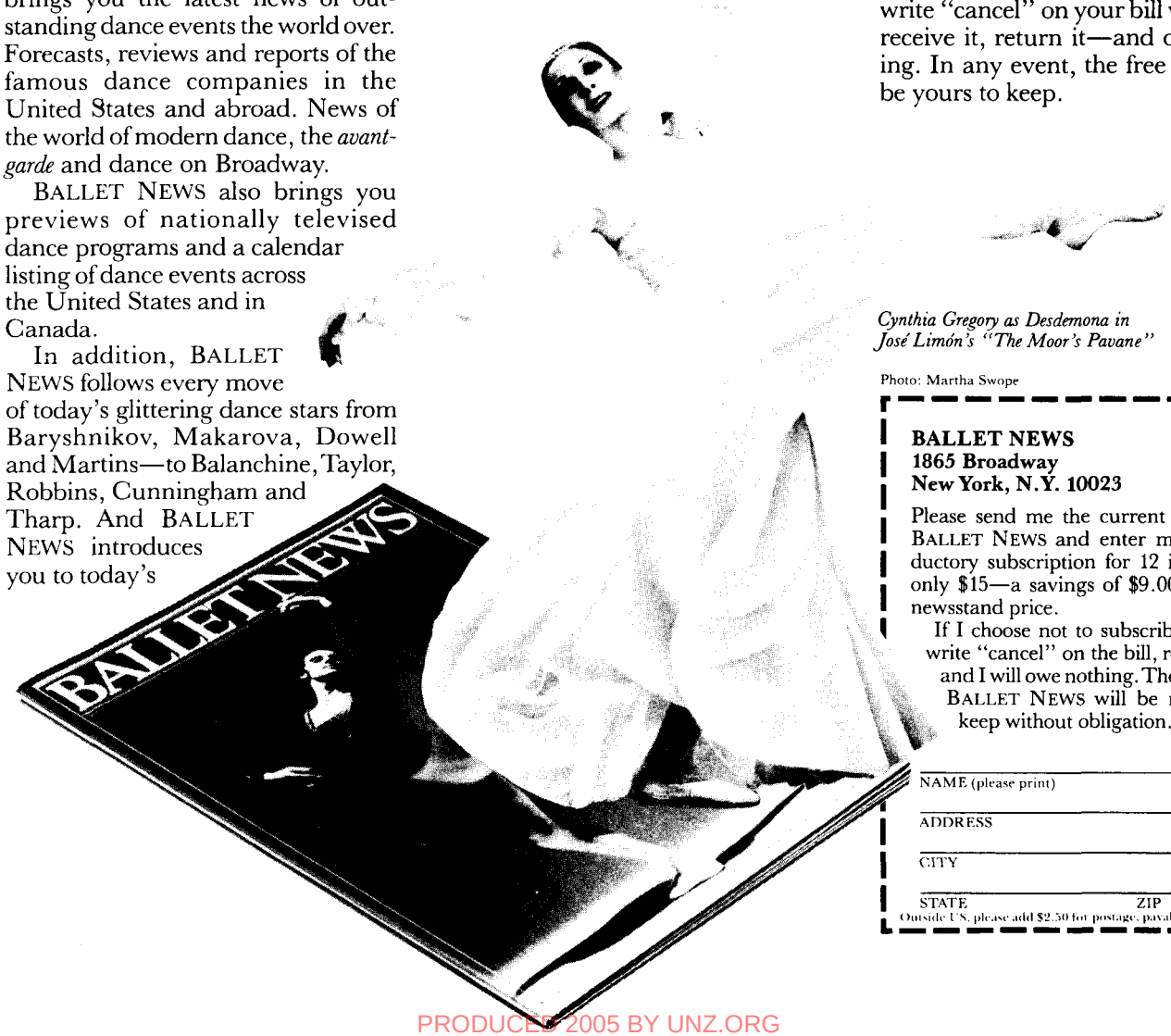

Cynthia Gregory as Desdemona in José Limón's "The Moor's Pavane"

Photo: Martha Swope

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gotten the best of him here. (He fires the driver.)

Compare the above passage's intolerance and condescension with the gentle, understated humor in a brief account of dining at a remote mountain hotel:

> Did they have eggs? No, there were no eggs. I thought of the clear river and said, "Trout?" Masood, translating for me, repeated the English word "Trout?" The hotel man swung his head in affirmation and said, "Trout." And Masood, still translating, said there was trout.

Naipaul is, to a great extent, a comic writer. When he keeps ironic distance, he tells wonderful, subtle stories that explain why people act the way they do. But when his sense of humor wanes, his bitterness, his impatience, his feeling of superiority become embarrassingly obvious. And this leads to quick sweeping judgments. In Iran, he tells us, "you were religious or communist: there was no middle, or other way." What about Iran's powerful merchant class?

Naipaul's distaste for Muslims has a dulling effect even when he has a legitimate point to make:

> Their rage—the rage of pastoral people with limited skills, limited money, and a limited grasp of the world—is comprehensive. Now they have a weapon: Islam. It is their way of getting even with the world. It serves their grief, their feeling of inadequacy, their social rage and racial hate.

Rage, it seems, can be contagious; and one has the feeling that Naipaul believes that Muslims are right in "their feeling of inadequacy."

Naipaul's conclusions are based on more or less random encounters. And while well-chosen and well-told anecdotes often can support generalizations, they are not substitutes for careful historical and political analysis. *Among the Believers* does not explain fomenting Islam, it toys with it, searching, probing, condemning, but never comprehending this strange, turbulent revolution.

"You have been searching for the truth and yet you haven't got the truth," a Malay tells Naipaul. Confronted, Naipaul changes the subject; and after some 400 pages, he confesses that the fiery Islamic revival was "as queer to me at the end of my journey as it had been at the beginning." He leaves us feeling queer too—still puzzled about Islam and let down by this, Naipaul's most disappointing performance in years. ■

Nonfiction Briefs

The Gate of Heavenly Peace: The Chinese and Their Revolution, 1895-1980
by Jonathan D. Spence
The Viking Press, 496 pp., $19.95

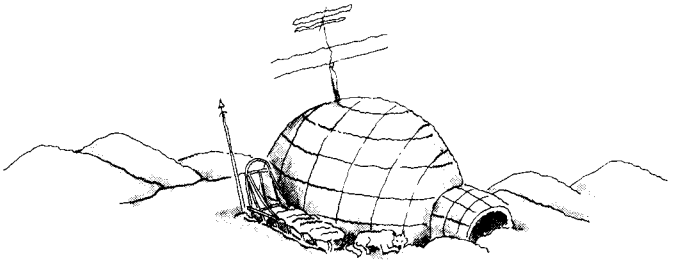
BRITISH HISTORIAN Jonathan Spence has perfected a new way to "make history howl." He narrates 100 years of continuing upheaval in China, primarily through three intersecting lives that together span both the century and the great questions of the century—the role of the individual in revolution, the price of violence, the nature and ethics of intellectual and political commitment. And it is through the eyes and actions and writings of these three—their courage and accommodations, their hopes and sorrows—that we come to understand the *experience* of China, not just the facts of it, but the feel of it as well.

The first is the scholar Kang Youwei (1858-1927) who in the last years of the dynasty became a spokesperson for democratic reform (and an exiled rival to Sun Yat-sen), and then soothed despair in dreams of Utopia. The second is the novelist Lu Xun (1881-1936), a major cultural figure comparable to Hemingway, and a radical political force through the Long March. The third is the feminist writer Ding Ling (born in 1905) who was jailed by both the Guomindang (for being a Communist) and the Communists (during the Cultural Revolution), and whose struggles to keep on the correct side of changing Party strategies epitomize the unending pressures of modern China on body, mind, and soul.

Spence's enthralling narrative is absolutely first-rate intellectual history; it is adventurous in form, scrupulous in content, passionate in its revelation of complex human drama. China is still very new to us, but this book is more basic than any chronology or illustrated guide; it breathes. —ELIOT FREMONT-SMITH

Waldo Emerson: A Biography
by Gay Wilson Allen
The Viking Press, 676 pp., $25

IT IS THE great virtue of this biography (the first on Emerson in more than 30 years) that it shows how he came to exemplify what he called "the infinitude of the private man." Despite an unhappy childhood, an adult life plagued by family illness and tragedy, and the obligations bestowed by his father's service in the Unitarian



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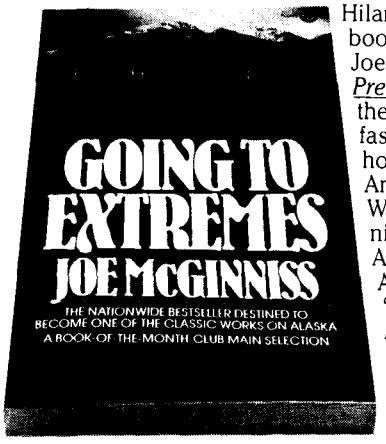
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ministry, "Waldo" (the name he preferred) made himself into a cosmopolitan intellectual force: a sometime clergyman whose neo-Platonic idealism valued appropriate "conduct of life" over orthodoxy; a believer in an ultimate divinity ("oversoul") who stressed the primacy of an inherent human "moral sense" and the need for "self-reliance"; a writer whose painstaking "refinement" of ideas made him "the strongest moral and literary personality of his generation."

All these Emersons emerge through Allen's diligent explorations of Emersonian thought and through his discerning analyses of the works. This crowded book also evinces a firm grasp of the social and political ferment of Emerson's time and offers vivid portraits of Whitman, Thoreau, Jones Very, Bronson Alcott, and Margaret Fuller.

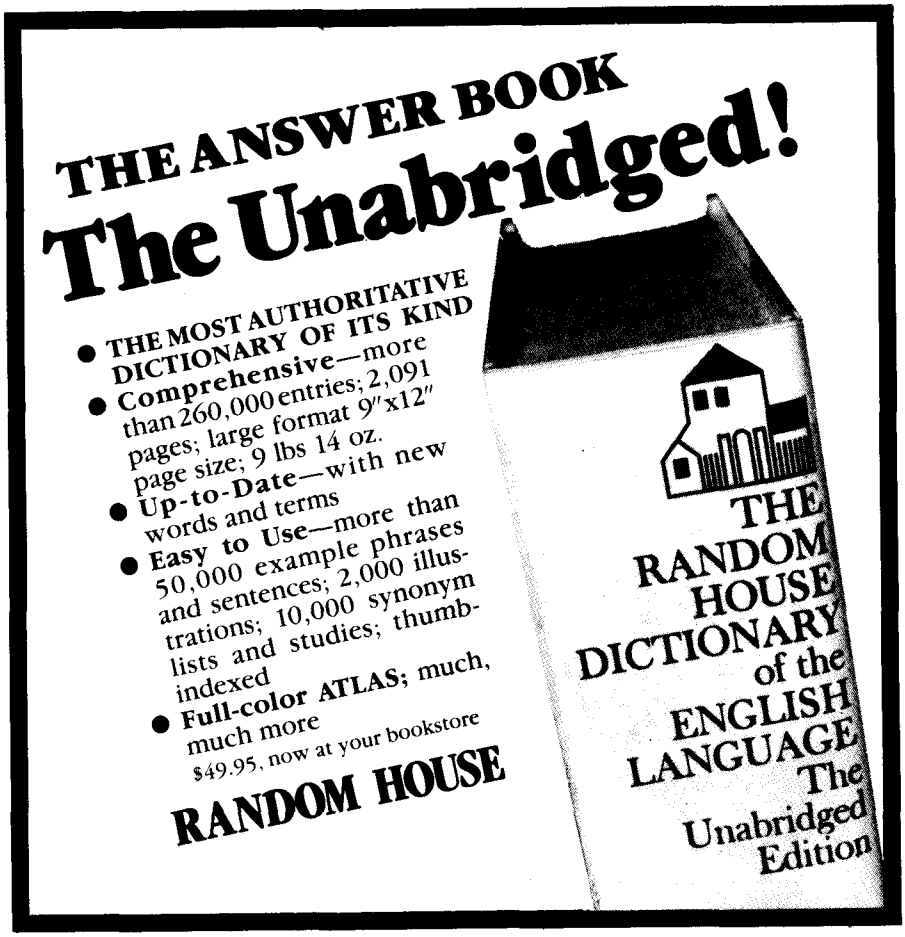
—BRUCE ALLEN

The Mismeasure of Man
by Stephen Jay Gould
W.W. Norton, 384 pp., $14.95

THIS IS A rare book—at once of great importance and wonderful to read. Gould, author of *Ever Since Darwin* and *The Panda's Thumb* (1980), takes up the gauntlet of biological determinism dropped yet again by Arthur Jensen in *Bias in Mental Testing*. Jensen argues a theory that, in Gould's words, "assumes that intelligence...is a single, innate heritable, and measurable thing." Gould responds that "determinist arguments for ranking people according to a single scale of intelligence, no matter how numerically sophisticated, have recorded little more than social prejudice."

Gould presents a fascinating historical study of scientific racism, tracing it through monogeny and polygeny, phrenology, recapitulation, and hereditarian IQ theory. He stops at each point to illustrate both the logical inconsistencies of the theories and the prejudicially motivated, albeit unintentional, misuse of data in each case. These reanalyses of data—coupled with a discussion of the flaws inherent in using factor analysis to make the *idea* of intelligence into a measurable *thing*—make this book a major addition to the scientific literature.

But there's more to it than that. Unlike Carl Sagan, Gould doesn't popularize to the point of triviality. Instead, he challenges readers to understand such larger issues as the role of science and the limits of objectivity. —CAREY HORWITZ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Pathfinders
by Gail Sheehy
William Morrow, 571 pp., $15.95

IN *PASSAGES* (1976) Gail Sheehy examined the life phases people are likely to pass through. In her new, more original, and much more stimulating book, she focuses on human well-being. Using 60,000 replies to a questionnaire coupled with her own reporting, she probes what Americans regard as a satisfying way of life.

Though the book rambles wildly—mixing self-help advice, exemplary case studies, and psychiatry—*Pathfinders* is absorbing. Sheehy delves into the problems, for instance, of relentlessly ambitious young women and of executives who give their all to the company. She finds that most of those who experience that highest degree of well-being are *not* narcissists and self-realizers, that children are more important than childless couples probably imagine, and that community involvement—rather than conventional religion—is often the source of highest satisfaction.

The publisher boasts that *Pathfinders* can "profoundly change your life." Few books can do that, and this one has too many flaws of organization to do *anything* to you without a certain amount of patience on your part. But it will make a lot of people take a second look at their lives, and it will suggest the possibility of excitement and change. No small feat. —JOHN FIRTH

Mind, Mood, and Medicine: A Guide to the New Biopsychiatry
by Paul H. Wender, M.D. and Donald F. Klein, M.D.
Farrar, Straus & Giroux
372 pp., $16.95

RECENT SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH has cast doubt on the assumption, prevalent for many years in psychiatry, that talking to one's analyst can cure an illness arising—as this research suggests—in a biological malfunction of the brain. The authors are convinced that many sufferers of panic disorders, agoraphobia, neurotic depression, and a host of other syndromes once ineffectively treated by psychotherapy can now be effectively treated with medication and "adjunctive" psychotherapy. Thanks to recent advances in psycho-pharmacology, psychiatrists can now use medications to diagnose and cure various syndromes.

This new approach to mental illness,

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"biopsychiatry," is creating, say Wender and Klein, a "virtual revolution," which, they hint, ranks with Freud's discovery of the unconscious. Just as our free wills can be reconciled—indeed enhanced—by recognition of the unconscious, so they can be reconciled with the notion of a biological substrata to our many moods. Readers who do not develop symptoms of rage in the face of needlessly technical and occasionally condescending prose will find here a valuable compendium of mental disorders, plus important new research—much of it conducted by the authors—on the genetic components of these disorders and their chemical cures.

—CARRIE McKEE

The Making of Mankind
by Richard E. Leakey
E.P. Dutton, 256 pp., $24.95

RICHARD E. LEAKEY offers a "popular" history of evolutionary science that is also a brief in its defense against religious fundamentalists. Extensive fossil research points to the existence of a common ancestor—a primate who, some five million years ago, evolved along two paths, one producing the modern apes, the other (finally) giving rise to modern man. Leakey traces the development of human biological characteristics—upright posture, flattened face, thinning body hair, enlarged brain—while sketching the beginnings of culture and civilization. As he does, the "theory" of evolution begins to appear as incontrovertible as the law of gravity.

Leakey is also alarmed by intellectuals (e.g., Robert Ardrey) who he feels have used evolutionary science to promote an unduly pessimistic view of human nature. He argues that humans are neither innately aggressive nor innately cooperative, but are cultural animals whose intelligence gives them the freedom to choose their fate. Leakey's conclusion will strike some readers as woefully naive; others will read it as an eloquent summation of the humanist case. Either way, *The Making of Mankind* is certain to provoke controversy.

—JOHN PETERSON

Fiction Briefs

Spring Moon
by Bette Bao Lord
Harper & Row, 480 pp., $14.95

THIS, ONE OF the most remarkable novels ever to explain the East to the West, follows the history of a Mandarin Chinese family from 1892 until 1927, with an epilogue that updates the story to 1972. Through the eyes of Spring Moon, a lively and intelligent daughter of the House of Chang, we see the beauty of the inner courtyard society and observe its respect for family, order and harmony, scholarship and poetry. But we see, too, how Chinese society's rigid etiquette hobbles the lives of its women as surely as their bound feet.

Unlike most women of her class and time, Spring Moon learns to read and write. The two men she loves, her eldest uncle and her husband, have both studied in America and have modern ideas. But her husband is killed in the Boxer Rebellion, and Spring Moon herself is forced into hiding for her role in the assassination of a Manchu official. She gives birth to a son she can't acknowledge and sees her daughter become a Communist revolutionary. Even as wars scatter the House of Chang and destroy its upper-class culture, Spring Moon keeps coming back to the peace of the family courtyards in Soochow.

Bette Bao Lord, born in Shanghai and the wife of a former American diplomat, writes in a low-key style that suggests the understatement of tradi-

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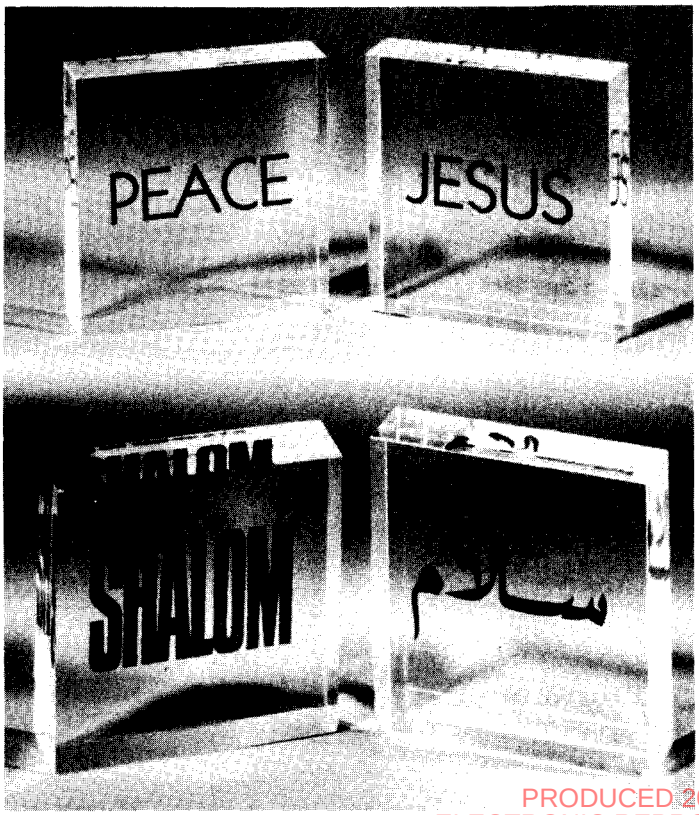

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tional Chinese poetry. Her final section, which races through the early days of the Chinese Revolution, seems too determined to score polemical points at the expense of Spring Moon's revolutionary daughter, the tiresomely pedantic Lustrous Jade. But for most of its length, this beautifully written first novel manages to be both poignant and restrained. —RONALD NEVANS

Trailerpark
by Russell Banks
Houghton Mifflin, 243 pp., $11.95

IT IS ALWAYS a tricky thing to write about poor, uneducated people. While doing so invariably rings in a tone of high seriousness, there is always a danger of condescension. On first encountering the bad grammar and stereotypical poverty of Russell Banks's trailer-park denizens, one flinches. But the characters exist almost as instances or illustrations of universal truths, impossible to condescend to. One gets to know them as one gets to know people in any small community, by rumor and gossip, by laying "one sentence beside another." There are no earth-shattering events in these interlocking short stories, but they give you such a shot of reality that you find yourself wanting to talk about the characters as you would about people you'd recently visited.

The stories should be read slowly and reread; like the characters, they seem simple, but their simplicity is that of experience and understanding. Banks, author of the highly praised *Hamilton Stark* and *The Book of Jamaica*, writes as a professional wise man, proffering nuggets of wisdom the reader goes on pondering. What comes across as the highest moral value here is the ability to pay attention. It is a virtue Banks exemplifies. *Trailerpark* is a lucid, serious, witty frieze of a book.

—ANNA SHAPIRO

Warlock
by Jim Harrison
Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence
256 pp., $13.95

IN JIM HARRISON'S new novel, Johnny Lundgren, an unemployed, housebound, middle-aged, neophyte gourmet, takes to calling himself "Warlock," his old Cub Scout name. And from the outset this assures that his actions will be puerile. Johnny has one thing going for him—his beautiful wife, Diana, who as a surgical nurse must each day confront death and each night confront him. Lundgren-Warlock is first spurred from his sloth by a dream about his own death, and Harrison tells us, "He really wasn't so much a fool as he was giddy about still being alive." After a while, the giddiness wears off and the foolishness takes over.

Warlock is Harrison's fourth full-length novel and follows his fine collection of novellas, *Legends of the Fall* (1979). The problem here is that *Warlock* could have made an excellent novella, but Harrison has extended it to novel length by accumulating temporal data. *Warlock* has some exciting scenes, some well-drawn characters and, eventually, a good story. But it's flawed in its timing, taking forever to start then no time to end. There is rich irony in that ending, but it is less conclusion than punch line.

—JOHN BUCKLEY

An Indecent Obsession
by Colleen McCullough
Harper & Row, 320 pp., $13.50

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The plot, centering on the conflict between Wilson and a blackmailing bisexual, creeps on with eye-rolling tedium that will defeat the most willful potboiler addict. Worst, though, is heroine Honour Langtry, a damp-souled Florence Nightingale who speaks as if she's taking a perpetual correspondence course. Will she choose duty over desire? Who cares? The only character one roots for here is the jungle, which just doesn't swallow fast enough. There's no heart in McCullough's darkness. Only heartburn.

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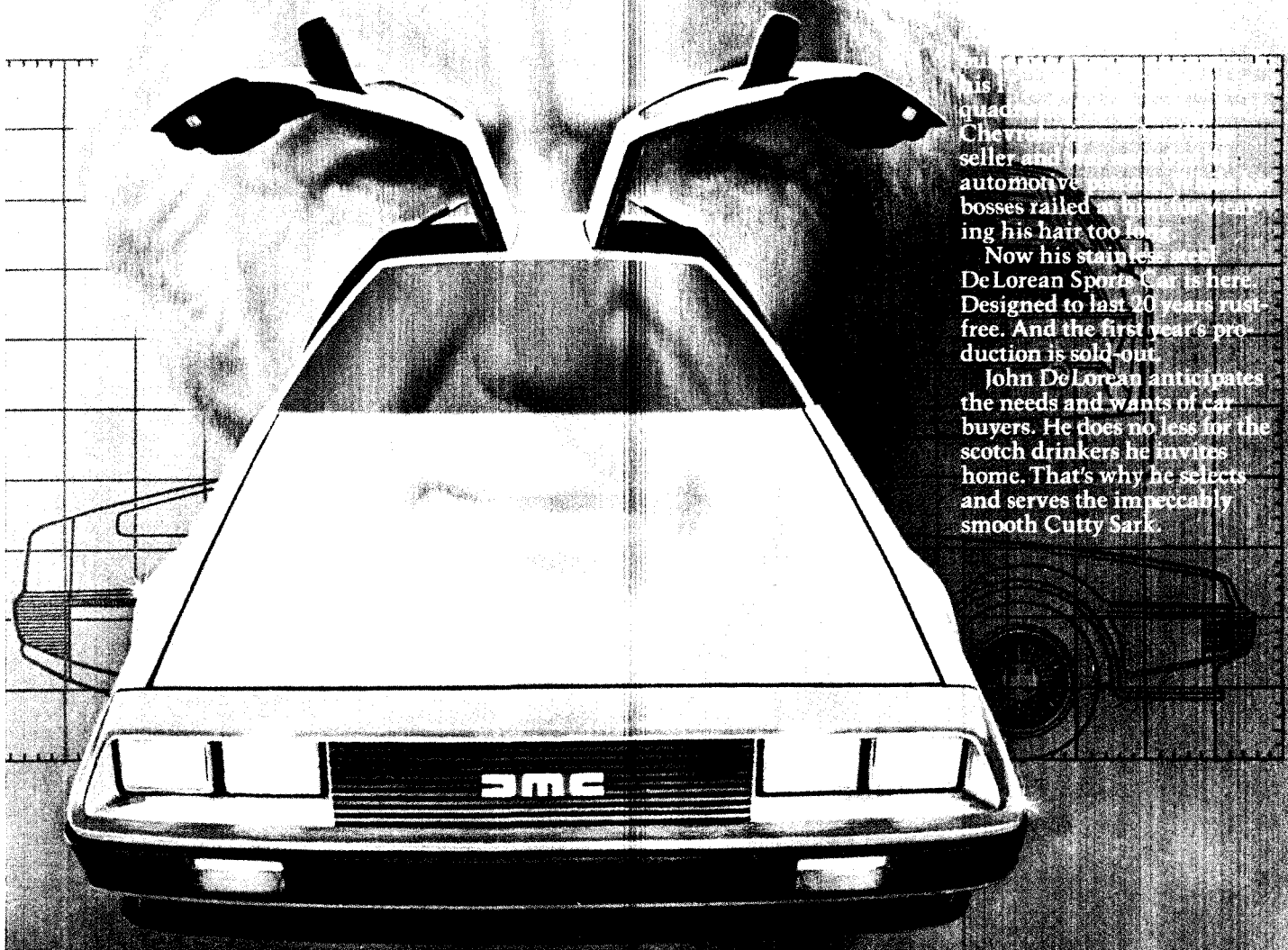

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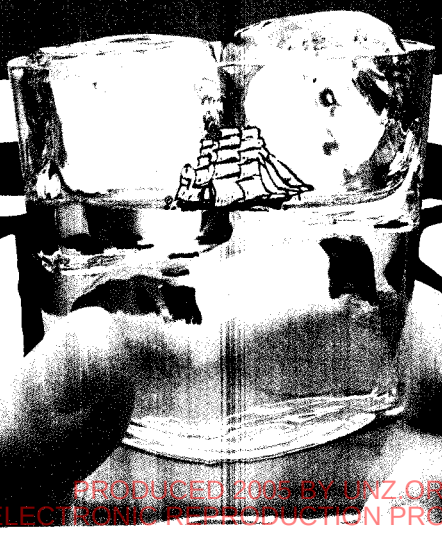

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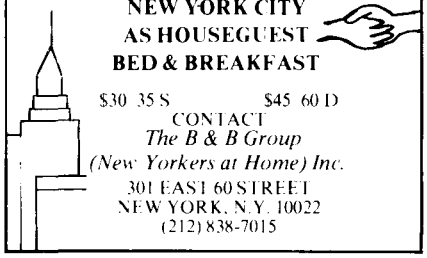

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SR Competition No. 25

We have lately devoted large chunks of our spare-time literary activity to the composition of the *Senegaliad*, an epic upon which we expect our fame to rest, while looking out for something better. In form, each stanza strongly resembles the limerick, and has the same first line. Examples:

There was once an old Senegalese
Whose life was made wretched by bees,
For they took all his money
And changed it to honey
And hid it in great, hollow trees.

There was once an old Senegalese
Whose orange grove tended to freeze
Whenever the sun
In a spirit of fun
Neglected to shine on his trees.

Kindly send us your contributions to this work. Twenty-five dollars each to the three winners.

Entries for Competition No. 25 must be received by October 30 and the winners will be announced in the January 1981 issue. Send submissions to *SR* Competition No. 25, *Saturday Review*, 150 East 58 Street, New York, N.Y. 10155. All entries become the property of *SR*.

Winners of No. 22

We asked you to send us extended puns based recognizably upon some familiar phrase, title, slogan, or other patch of language. You did, abundantly. We wish to save as much space as possible for the winners and the honorable mentions, but we must ask you first to ponder this question: Why, among hundreds of entries from several continents, including India (if incontinence count), should two wildly unrelated phrases turn up repeatedly? These are: "Absence makes the heart grow fonder" and "All the news that's fit to print." *Why*? Except for the regular substitution of "absinthe" in the first, there was practically no overlapping. Surely there is *some* significance in this improbable conjunction. Are they not so unrelated as we think? We would gladly receive and perhaps even print your explanation. Now to our winners.

First prize to Chris Doyle, of Burke, Virginia, who is evidently suffering from terminal paronomasia. We have room for no more than excerpts from his voluminous entries, the first of which comes from "Psalm to the Board of Health," which begins:

The Board is inspecting...my restaurant.
It maketh me to buy my cream pasteurized.
It leadeth me to buy distilled water.
It reporteth my sole...

and ends:

Surly butchers perversely shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell on the outs with the Board forever.

His conscience must also sweat under the burden of having distorted Isaiah 35:1:

The desperate shall read Joyce, and blast him for his prose.

To say nothing of the opening of *Richard III:*

Now here's the winner of our disco dance:
Meet Gloria Summer, of Verdun, New York!

Second prize to Barry Anderson, of Washington, D.C., who starts on no less exalted a level than winner Doyle:

No man can serve two platters...
Ye cannot serve cod and salmon.

Only to descend from these culinary hints of St. Matthew to John Greenleaf Whittier's lines on Bo Derek in the greatest of her roles, Maud Muller:

For of all glad words of younger men,
The gladdest are these: "She's a perfect ten!"

Third prize to Tony Reeder, of Bowie, Maryland, who reminds us once again of Whittier, that insufficiently neglected bard of the barefoot boy:

"Shoot, if you must, this old gay head,
But spare your country's fags," he said.

From Whittier's immortal "Barbara Frietchie," surely—not "Bobby Swishy," as reader Reeder writes.

And now as many honorable mentions as space allows.

The first must be spoken through the nose, impecuniously:

Frankly, Harlot, I don't have eight clams. —Ken Alvey

Can this marriage be saved?
Hugo Uruguay, Olga Mine.
—Martha Freedman

Probably not, since

Between man and woman there is a vas deferens. —Joan D'Alessandro

We are nevertheless convinced that women will continue to marry and to marry and to marry creeps of this pretty race from day to day, since

Those who cannot remember the pasta
are condemned to reheat it.
—Larry Hodges

Puzzles

Literary Crypt No. 170

BY DAY DEE NO SLY FISS-YA, HIS MQUY QC IM DAY EQQRNOF DS SLY MSDAM.

Q. BNEZY

Wit Twister No. 182

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Across Tibetan slopes did ——————
——sing

To ——————, as they watched their flocks by night?

When ——————— of our fates announced the King,

Could only Judah hear their ——————
———right?

A.S.

Answers next month

September Answers

Literary Crypt No. 169

Necessity is the plea for every infringement of human freedom.

William Pitt

Wit Twister No. 181

Lifter, trifle, filter

Middleton Double-Crostic No. 211

Peter Schwed: Test Your Tennis I.Q.

Prior to World War I, Imperial Russia might well have laid claim to holding quite the most elegant social tennis tournament... at what was then... St. Petersburg. In the last year it was held, ...the ballboys were liveried footmen who returned the balls to the server on silver salvers.

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Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

| | | |

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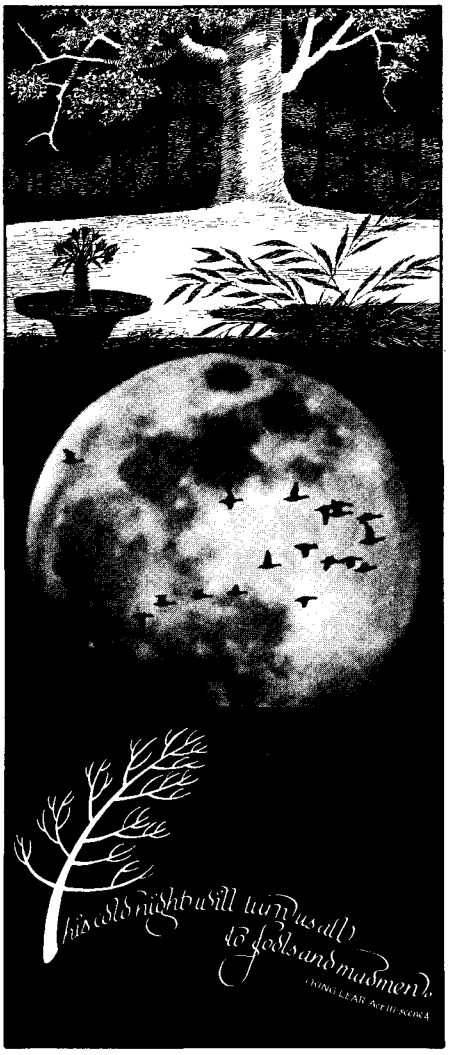

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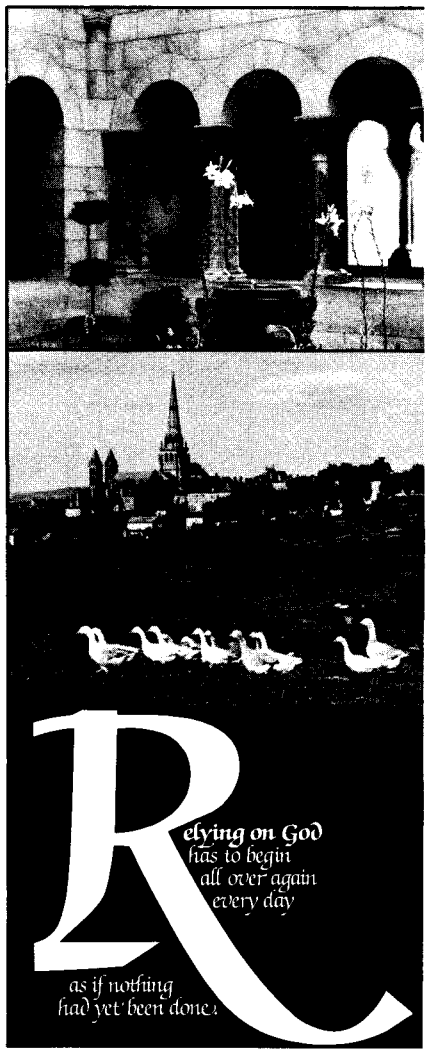

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Books

Fiction

Sixty Stories, by Donald Barthelme (G.P. Putnam's Sons, 464 pp., $15.95). These 17 years' worth of stories offer the philosophical excursions, the blurred dialogues, the cinematic descriptions, and the nasty/chic relationships we have come to expect from an important chronicler of contemporary life.

Collected Stories, by Frank O'Connor (Alfred A. Knopf, 732 pp., $20). For glowing narrative and gripping humanity, many of the late Frank O'Connor's realistic tales of Irish life rival the best short stories in the language. The 67 here make for wondrous reading.

Reinhart's Women, by Thomas Berger (Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence, 296 pp., $12.95). The eponymous Carlo Reinhart is now 54, and his life is a comedy of the commonplace. With this novel, Berger has turned his mordantly funny Reinhart trilogy—*Crazy in Berlin*, *Reinhart in Love*, and *Vital Parts*—into a world-class series.

Take This Man, by Frederick Busch (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 264 pp., $12). The family life of a clumsy wartime researcher is disrupted by a brief encounter with one Ellen LaRue Spencer. Busch refuses to write a worthless word in this tour de force of comedy and pathos.

Saving Grace, by Celia Gittelson (Alfred A. Knopf, 229 pp., $10.95). Who says all first novels are autobiographical? This one is a light farce about a pope who flees an over-bureaucratized Vatican for the seeming peace of a poor country village. An imaginative and witty debut.

Nonfiction

Old Glory: An American Voyage, by Jonathan Raban (Simon & Schuster, 409 pp., $16.95). Inspired by Huck Finn, Englishman Raban traveled down the Mississippi River in a small boat from Minnesota to New Orleans. His account of his many adventures on the river and with the people who live along its shores is captivating and evocative—travel writing at its best.

Psychoanalysis: The Impossible Profession, by Janet Malcolm (Alfred A. Knopf, 192 pp., $9.95). The author of *Diana and Nikon* mixes a discussion of the lofty controversies surrounding the Oedipal complex with gossip about practicing psychoanalysts. Her book is a trenchant examination of a difficult, intriguing profession.

Blue Smoke and Mirrors: How Reagan Won and Why Carter Lost the Election of 1980, by Jack W. Germond and Jules Witcover (The Viking Press, 322 pp., $14.95). Syndicated columnists Germond and Witcover review the 1980 election in the broad context of ideological shifts among voters. The result is an absorbing glimpse back into our recent political past.

The Oxford Book of Literary Anecdotes, edited by Donald Hall (Oxford University Press, 352 pp., $15.95). This joke book for literati features tales about American authors from stuffy Cotton Mather to wisecracking Dorothy Parker. It's great fun—a treasure of laughs for all fans of the written word.

The Return to Camelot: Chivalry and the English Gentleman, by Mark Girouard (Yale University Press, 312 pp., $29.95; $35 after December 31, 1981). In this lavishly illustrated book, the author of the surprisingly popular *Life in the English Country House* traces the role of the medieval code of chivalry in the lives of British gentlemen from its revival toward the end of the 18th century to its demise during World War I.

Up the Tube: Prime Time TV and the Silverman Years, by Sally Bedell (The Viking Press, 313 pp., $13.95). A veteran *TV Guide* reporter chronicles network TV's fortunes as personified in the career of Fred Silverman. Bedell provides well-researched, hard-hitting reporting.

Film

Chariots of Fire. This British film, focusing on two British runners who compete in the 1924 Olympics, deals with the idealism and expediency of sport in exhilarating terms of aspiration and accomplishment, combining a social statement with the excitement of a thriller.

Gallipoli. Australian filmmaker Peter Weir (*Picnic at Hanging Rock*, *The Last Wave*) tells of that major World War I disaster, in which some 35,000 Anzac troops were sacrificed, by following two young Australians who meet as runners and go off to fight for the Empire. Weir has created an "intimate" epic in deeply affecting and universal terms.

True Confessions. This adaptation of his own best seller by John Gregory Dunne in collaboration with his wife, Joan Didion, explores the interrelationship of parish politics and vice through the relationship of two brothers in Los Angeles in 1948. The film goes beyond its Chandleresque ambience through the performance of Robert De Niro and Robert Duvall as the siblings, one a priest, the other a homicide detective.

Continental Divide. This romantic comedy about a tough Chicago "street" columnist and a lady ornithologist offers us John Belushi and Blair Brown as a latter-day Tracy-Hepburn team—and a delightful one they are!

SR's Phoenix Code

Outstanding

Excellent

Good

Notable

Theater

Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music (Nederlander Theater, New York City). When Horne stops singing, her stage personality—bitter superstar who, deep down, is just a funky farm girl—can grate. But fortunately, she devotes nearly all the evening to song, and when she grabs hold of a tune, she stretches its rhythmic and emotional boundaries to stunning breadth.

The Pirates of Penzance (Minskoff Theater, New York City). Director Wilford Leach and music director William Elliott set an overall tone of intelligence and charm. This *Pirates* has been put together by contemporary Americans who love and respect the work but who will not try to mimic Victorian Englishmen or their descendants.

Cloud 9 (Theatre de Lys, New York City). Act I of this British play lampoons

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Victorian sexual hypocrisy in vaudeville style. Act II, performed more realistically, shows how liberated our society has become—and what a vacuum this liberation has created. The off-Broadway production is well acted, sensitively directed.

42nd Street (Majestic Theater, New York City). "Hear the beat/of dancing feet," says the title song, and never did a lyric fix a show's essence more neatly. Choreographed by the late Gower Champion on 1930s models, the brisk tappings carry us along on a pleasant tide of nostalgia. The show is just chunks of agreeable stuff that makes us feel things were better back then, but what more does one want from a Broadway musical?

Records

Mendelssohn: Trios (CBS 35835, cassette MT-35835, $9.98). Schumann called Mendelssohn's D-minor trio "the master-trio of the age," and the C-minor trio's finale echoed into the music of Brahms, Bruckner, and Mahler. Both works are beautifully played by pianist Eugene Istomin, violinist Isaac Stern, and cellist Leonard Rose, whose silken line weaves a spell.

Mozart: Piano Sonatas. Sonatas 12 and 13 played vigorously by Malcolm Bilson on a reproduction of a 1780 Anton Walter pianoforte sound like sparkling improvisations (Nonesuch 78004, cassette N1-78004, $8.98). Played, along with seven other Mozart sonatas, by the young Hungarian pianist Deszo Ranki on a modern piano, they sound softer, more poetic but no less fresh (3-Hungaroton 11835-37, $29.94). Christoph Eschenbach's tidy and elegant recordings of the complete sonatas have been re-released at half price (7-Deutsche Grammophon 2720 092, $34.86).

Chopin and Schumann: Music for Cello and Piano (Deutsche Grammophon 2531 201, cassette 3301 201, $9.98). Mstislav Rostropovich and Martha Argerich are a passionate pair. They tear through the Chopin sonata and Polonaise Brillante and Schumann's Adagio and Allegro, but never short-change the introspection of the slow movements. Big tone and big accents are the order of the day.

Handel: Sonatas for Wind Instruments (3-German RCA SEON RL 30408, $29.94). Recorder virtuoso Frans Brüggen, assisted by some fine continuo players, performs all the sonatas Handel is believed to have written for recorder, transverse flute, or oboe. Everyone plays period instruments, and Handel is well served. (Available from German News Co., 220 East 86 Street, New York 10028.)

La Mantovana (Nonesuch H-71392, cassette N1-71392, $8.98). The London Early Music Group plays—in their original settings—14 Italian songs widely popular in 17th-century Europe. Several of them will be familiar from Ottorino Respighi's *Ancient Airs and Dances*. Excellent notes and an insert describing the instruments that the players blow, bow, and strike enhance these forthright performances.

Art

A Bronze Menagerie and Other Works by Antoine-Louis Barye (Fogg Art Museum, Cambridge, Massachusetts). A leading figure in French Romanticism, Antoine-Louis Barye (1796-1875) is best known for his bronze sculptures of animals—symbols of life-energies at their most powerful and uncorrupted. This exhibition displays the full range of Barye's career. (Through December 27.)

American Frontiers: The Photographs of Timothy O'Sullivan (Philadelphia Museum of Art). One of the most sensitive and prolific recorders of the Civil War and the western frontier, photographer Timothy O'Sullivan is represented in this show by more than 200 prints. Some of these images have been made from unpublished negatives and are being given their first public exhibition. (Through January 3, 1982.)

Photorealism (The Guggenheim Museum, New York City). More than 60 paintings by artists who work directly from photographs. Robert Bechtle, Chuck Close, Audrey Flack, and others are represented in this overview of one of recent painting's most popular and influential developments. (Through November 8.)

R. B. Kitaj (Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, Washington, D.C.). An Ohioan who has spent his working life in London, R. B. Kitaj is a major figure among European realist painters. Now he is being honored in his own country with a retrospective of 50 paintings and 40 drawings, all reflecting a deeply cultivated and socially concerned sensibility. (Through November 15.)

Dance

The Joffrey Ballet (City Center, New York City). The company celebrates its 25th anniversary performing a repertory of ballet masterpieces ranging from a reconstruction of Arthur Saint-Léon's *La Vivandière Pas de Six* of 1844 to a ballet by the avant-garde modern dancer, Laura Dean. Twenty-two ballets by 15 choreographers will be on view, including the company's first presentation of the late John Cranko's comedy-classic, *The Taming of the Shrew*, Jiri Kylián's *Verklaerte Nacht* (to the music of Arnold Schoenberg), Gerald Arpino's new ballet, and Robert Joffrey's *Postcards*. (October 21 through November 22.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company (Brooklyn Academy of Music, New York City). A season of repertory by one of today's most distinguished modern-dance choreographers, notable for his satiric wit and the beauty of his abstract dances. (October 6 through 11.)

Cincinnati Ballet (Palace Theater, Cincinnati). The company's new season opens with a bill featuring the premiere of *Footage*, choreographed by Peter Anastos in a style reminiscent of the Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers era of cinema dance entertainment. (October 1 through 3.)

The Next Wave: New Masters at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. This festival of post-modern dance, opera, and music opens with the Trisha Brown Dance Company in a program featuring the world premiere of *Son of Gone Fishin'*, with music by Robert Ashley, along with the choreographer's *Glacial Decoy*, with costumes and visuals by Robert Rauschenberg, and *Opal Loop/Cloud Installation #72503*, with cloud sculptures by Fujiko Nakaya. (October 16, 17, and 18.) Laura Dean Dancers and Musicians follow in *Tympani*, choreographed and composed by Dean. (October 30, 31, November 1.)

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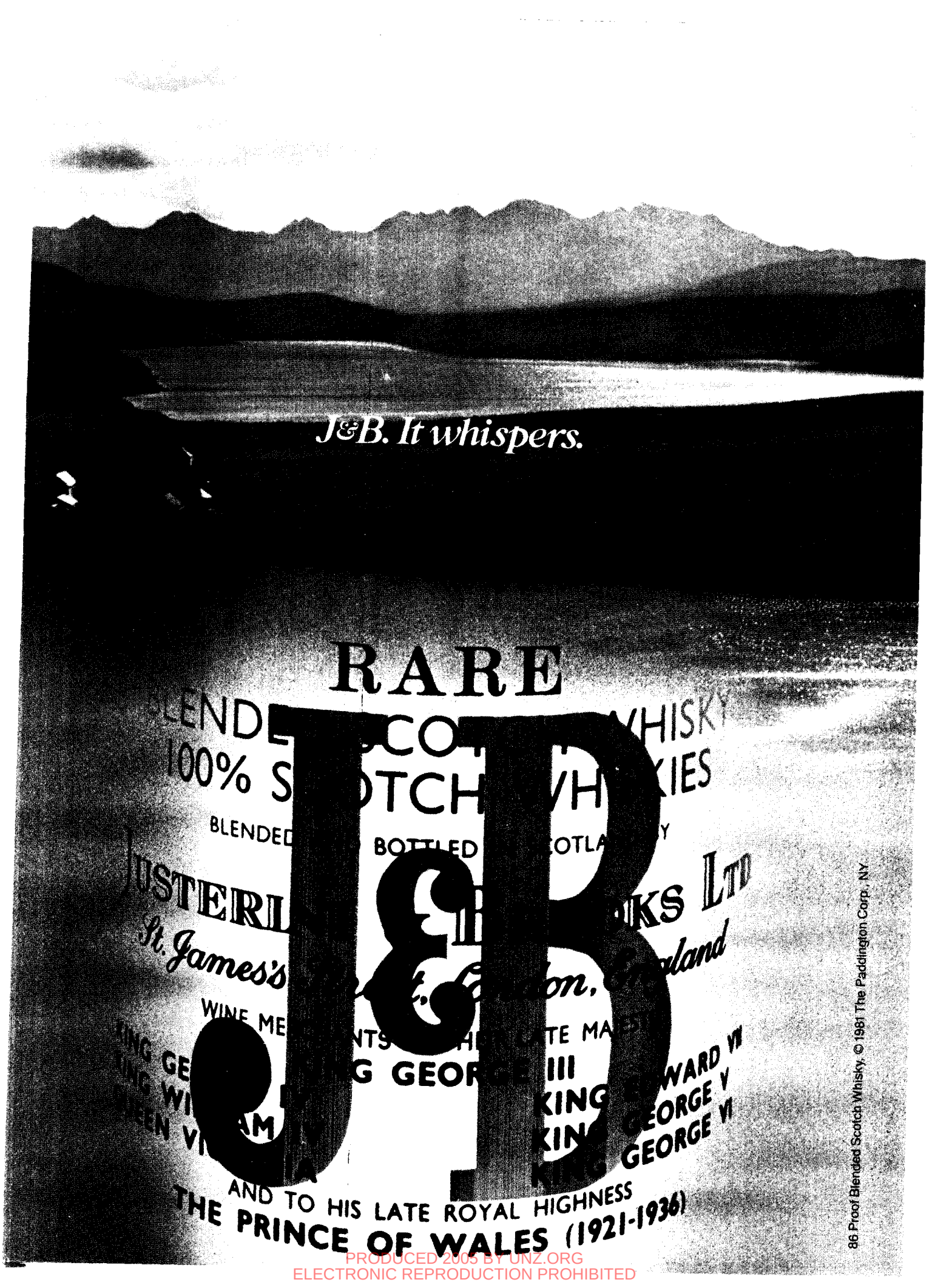
J&B. It whispers.
RARE
J&B
AND TO HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES (1921-1936)
86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky. © 1981 The Paddington Corp., NY.

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